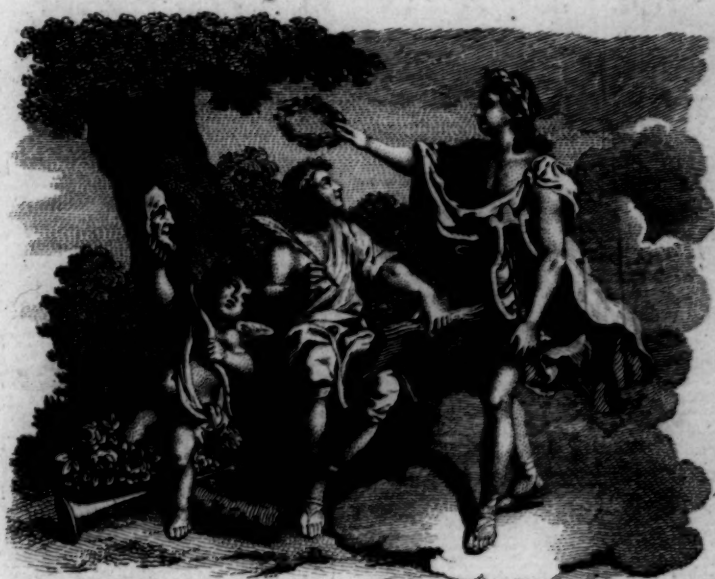


THE
W O R K S
O F
RICHARD SAVAGE, Esq.
SON OF
THE EARL RIVERS.
IN TWO VOLUMES.



THE
WORKS
OF
RICHARD SAVAGE, Esq.
SON OF
THE EARL RIVERS.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE AUTHOR,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.
A NEW EDITION.
VOL. II.



H. Gravelot inv.

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L O N D O N:
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M D C C L X X V I I.



THE
WANDERER:

A
P O E M.

IN FIVE CANTOS.

Nulla mali nova mi facies inopinave furgit, VIRG.

W A N D E R :

M O E M

IN FIVE CANTOS

By the author of "The Wanderer".

To the Right HONOURABLE

J O H N,

Lord Viscount TYRCONNEL, Baron CHAR-
LEVILLE, and Lord BROWNLOWE, Knight
of the BATH.

MY LORD,

PART of this Poem had the honour
of your Lordship's perusal when in ma-
nuscript, and it was no small pride to
me, when it met with approbation from
so distinguishing a judge: Should the rest
find the like indulgence, I shall have no
occasion (whatever its success may be in
the world) to repent the labour it has cost
me—But my intention is not to pursue a
discourse on my own performance: no, my
Lord, it is to embrace this opportunity of
throwing out sentiments that relate to
your Lordship's goodness, the generosity
of which, give me leave to say, I have
greatly experienced.

A 2

I offer

iv D E D I C A T I O N.

I offer it not as a new remark, that dependance on the Great, in former times, generally terminated in disappointment ; nay, even their bounty (if it could be called such) was, in its very nature, ungenerous. It was, perhaps, with-held, through an indolent or wilful neglect, 'till those, who lingered in the want of it, grew almost past the sense of comfort. At length it came, too often, in a manner that half cancelled the obligation, and, perchance, must have been acquired too by some previous act of guilt in the receiver, the consequence of which was remorse and infamy.

But that I live, my Lord, is a proof that dependance on your Lordship, and the present Ministry, is an assurance of success. I am persuaded, distress, in many other instances, affects your soul with a compassion, that always shews itself in a manner most humane and active, that to forgive injuries, and confer benefits, is your delight ;

D E D I C A T I O N. v

light ; and that to deserve your friendship is to deserve the countenance of the best of men. To be admitted into the honour of your Lordship's conversation (permit me to speak but justice) is to be elegantly introduced into the most instructive, as well as entertaining, parts of literature ; it is to be furnished with the finest observations upon human nature, and to receive, from the most unassuming, sweet, and winning candour, the worthiest and most polite maxims—such as are always enforced by the actions of your own life. I could also take notice of your many public-spirited services to your country in Parliament, and your constant attachment to Liberty, and the Royal, Illustrious House of our Most Gracious Sovereign ; but, my Lord, believe me, your own deeds are the noblest and fittest orators to speak your praise, and will elevate it far beyond the power of a much abler writer than I am.

vi D E D I C A T I O N

I will therefore turn my view from your Lordship's virtues to the kind influence of them, which has been so lately shed upon me; and then, if my future morals and writings shall gain any approbation from men of parts and probity, I must acknowledge all to be the product of your Lordship's goodness to me. I must, in fine, say with Horace,

Quod spiro & placeo, (si placeo) tuum est.

I am, with the highest gratitude and veneration,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most dutiful

And devoted servant,

RICHARD SAVAGE.

THE
W A N D E R E R.

A
V I S I O N.

C A N T O I.

FAIN would my verse, Tyrconnel, boast thy name,
Brownlow, at once my subject and my fame !
Oh ! could that spirit, which thy bosom warms,
Whose strength surprises, and whose goodness charms !
That various worth ! could that inspire my lays,
Envy should smile, and censure learn to praise :
Yet, tho' unequal to a soul like thine,
A generous soul, approaching to divine,
When bless'd beneath such patronage I write,
Great my attempt, tho' hazardous my flight.

O'er ample Nature I extend my views ;
Nature to rural scenes invites the muse :
She flies all public care, all venal strife,
To try the still, compar'd with active life ;
To prove, by these, the sons of men may owe
The fruits of bliss to bursting clouds of woe ;
That e'en calamity, by thought refin'd,
Inspirits and adorns the thinking mind.

Come, Contemplation, whose unbounded gaze,
 Swift in a glance, the course of things surveys ;
 Who in thyself the various view canst find
 Of sea, land, air, and heav'n, and human kind ;
 What tides of passion in the bosom roll ;
 What thoughts debase, and what exalt the soul,
 Whose pencil paints, obsequious to thy will,
 All thou survey'st with a creative skill !
 Oh, leave awhile thy lov'd, sequester'd shade !
 Awhile in wint'ry wilds vouchsafe thy aid !
 Then waft me to some olive, bow'ry green,
 Where, cloath'd in white, thou shew'st a mind serene ;
 Where kind content from noise and courts retires,
 And smiling sits, while muses tune their lyres :
 Where zephyrs gently breathe, while sleep profound
 To their soft fanning nods, with poppies crown'd ;
 Sleep, on a treasure of bright dreams reclines,
 By thee bestow'd, whence Fancy colour'd shines,
 And flutters round his brow a hov'ring flight,
 Varying her plumes in visionary light.

The solar fires now faint and wat'ry burn,
 Just where with ice Aquarius frets his urn !
 If thaw'd, forth issue, from its mouth severe,
 Raw clouds, that sadden all th' inverted year.

When frost and fire with martial pow'rs engag'd,
 Frost, northward, fled the war, unequal wag'd !
 Beneath the Pole his legions urg'd their flight,
 And gain'd a cave profound and wide as night.

O'er

O'er cheerless scenes by Desolation own'd,
High on an Alp of ice he sits enthron'd!
One clay-cold hand, his crystal beard sustains,
And scepter'd one, o'er wind and tempest reigns;
O'er stony magazines of hail, that storm
The blossom'd fruit, and flow'ry Spring deform.
His languid eyes, like frozen lakes appear,
Dim-gleaming all the light that wanders here.
His robes snow-wrought, and hoar'd with age; his breath
A nitrous damp, that strikes petrific death.

Far hence lies, ever freez'd, the northern main,
That checks, and renders navigation vain;
That, shut against the sun's dissolving ray,
Scatters the trembling tides of vanquish'd day,
And stretching eastward half the world secures,
Defies discov'ry, and like time endures!

Now frost sent boreal blasts to scourge the air,
To bind the streams, and leave the landscape bare;
Yet when, far west, his violence declines,
Tho' here the brook, or lake, his pow'r confines;
To rocky pools, to cat'racts are unknown
His chains!—to rivers, rapid like the Rhone!

The falling moon cast, cold, a quiv'ring light,
Just silver'd o'er the snow, and sunk!—pale night
Retir'd. The dawn in light-grey mists arose!
Shrill chants the cock! the hungry heifer lows!
Slow blush yon breaking clouds;—the sun's uproll'd!
Th' expansive grey turns azure, chas'd with gold;

White-

White-glitt'ring ice, chang'd like the topaz, gleams,
Reflecting saffron lustre from his beams.

O Contemplation, teach me to explore,
From Britain far remote, some distant shore !
From Sleep a dream distinct and lively claim ;
Clear let the vision strike the moral's aim !
It comes ! I feel it o'er my soul serene !
Still morn begins, and frost retains the scene !

Hark !—the loud horn's enlivening note's begun !
From rock to vale sweet-wand'ring echoes run !
Still floats the sound shrill-winding from afar !
Wild beasts astonish'd dread the sylvan war !
Spears to the sun in files embattled play,
March on, charge briskly, and enjoy the fray !

Swans, ducks, and geese, and the wing'd winter-brood,
Chatter discordant on yon echoing flood !
At Babel thus, when heav'n the tongue confounds,
Sudden a thousand different jargon-sounds,
Like jangling bells, harsh mingling, grate the ear !
All stare ! all talk ! all mean ; but none cohere !
Mark ! wiley fowlers meditate their doom,
And smoaky Fate speeds thund'ring thro' the gloom !
Stop'd short, they cease in airy rings to fly,
Whirl o'er and o'er, and, flutt'ring, fall and die.

Still Fancy wafts me on ! deceiv'd I stand,
Estrang'd, advent'rous on a foreign land !
Wide and more wide extends the scene unknown
Where shall I turn, a WAND'ERER, and alone ?

From

From hilly winds, and depths where 'snows remain,
My winding steps up a steep mountain strain !
Emers'd a-top, I mark, the hills subside,
And tow'rs aspire, but with inferior pride !
On this bleak height tall firs, with ice-work crown'd,
Bend, while their flaky winter shades the ground !
Hoarse, and direct, a blust'ring north-wind blows !
On boughs, thick-rustling, crack the crispid snows !
Tangles of frost half fright the wilder'd eye,
By heat oft blacken'd like a low'ring sky !
Hence down the fide two turbid riv'lets pour,
And devious two, in one huge cat'raet roar !
While pleas'd the wat'ry progress I pursue,
Yon rocks in rough assemblage rush in view !
In form an amphitheatre they rise ;
And a dark gulf in their broad centre lies.
There the dim'd sight with dizzy weakness fails,
And horror o'er the firmest brain prevails !
Thither these mountain-streams their passage take,
Headlong foam down, and form a dreadful lake !
The lake, high-swelling, so redundant grows,
From the heap'd store deriv'd a river flows ;
Which, deep'ning, travels through a distant wood,
And thence emerging meets a sister-flood ;
Mingled they flash on a wide-op'ning plain,
And pass yon city to the far-seen main.

So blend two souls by heav'n for union made,
And strength'ning forward, lend a mutual aid,

And

And prove in ev'ry tranſient turn their aim,
Thro' finite life to infinite the ſame.

Nor ends the landſcape—Ocean, to my ſight,
Points a blue arm, where ſailing ſhips delight,
In proſpect leſſen'd!—Now new rocks rear'd high,
Stretch a croſs-ridge, and bar the curious eye;
There lies obſcur'd the ripening diamond's ray,
And thence red-branching coral's rent away.
In conic form there gelid cryſtal grows;
Thro' ſuch the palace-lamp, gay luſtre throws!
Luſtre, which, thro' dim night, as various plays
As play from yonder ſnows the changeful rays!
For nobler uſe the cryſtal's worth may riſe,
If tubes perſpective hem the ſpotleſs prize;
Thro' theſe the beams of the far-lengthen'd eye
Meaſure known ſtars, and new remoter ſpy.
Hence Commerce many a ſhorten'd voyage ſteers,
Shorten'd to months, the hazard once of years;
Hence Halley's ſoul etherial flight eſſays:
Inſtructive there from orb to orb ſhe ſtrays;
Sees, round new countleſs ſuns, new ſyſtems roll!
Sees God in all! and magnifies the whole!
Yon rocky ſide enrich'd the ſummer ſcene,
And peaſant's ſearch for herbs of healthful green;
Now naked, pale, and comfortleſs it lies,
Like youth extended cold in death's diſguiſe.
There, while without the ſounding tempeſt ſwells,
Incav'd ſecure th' exulting eagle dwells;

And

And there, when Nature owns prolific spring,
Spreads o'er her young a fondling mother's wing.
Swains on the coast the far-fam'd fish descry,
That gives the fleecy robe the Tyrian dye;
While shells, a scatter'd ornament bestow,
The tinctur'd rivals of the show'ry bow.
Yon limeless sands, loose-driving with the wind,
In future cauldrons useful textures find,
Till, on the furnace thrown, the glowing mass
Brightens, and bright'ning hardens into glass.
When winter halcyons, flick'ring on the wave,
Tune their complaints, yon sea forgets to rave;
Tho' lash'd by storms, with naval pride o'erturn,
The foaming deep in sparkles seems to burn,
Loud winds turn zephyrs to enlarge their notes,
And each safe nest on a calm surface floats.

Now veers the wind full east; and keen, and sore,
Its cutting influence aches in ev'ry pore!
How weak thy fabric, man!—A puff, thus blown,
Staggers thy strength, and echoes to thy groan.
A tooth's minutest nerve, let anguish seize,
Swift kindred fibres catch! (so frail our ease!)
Pinch'd, pierc'd, and torn, inflam'd, and unassuag'd,
They smart, and swell, and throb, and shoot enrag'd!
From nerve to nerve fierce flies th' exulting pain!
—And are we of this mighty fabric vain?
Now my blood chills! scarce thro' my veins it glides!
Sure on each blast a shiv'ring ague rides!

Warn'd,

Warn'd, let me this bleak eminence forsake,
And to the vale a diff'rent winding take!

Half I descend: my spirits fast decay;
A terrace now relieves my weary way.
Close with this stage a precipice combines;
Whence still the spacious country far declines!
The herds seem insects in the distant glades,
And men diminish'd, as, at noon, their shades!
Thick on this top o'ergrown for walks are seen
Grey, leafless wood, and winter-greens between!
The red'ning berry, deep-ting'd holly shows,
And matted mistletoe, the white, bestows!
Tho' lost the banquet of autumnal fruits,
Tho' on broad oaks no vernal umbrage shoots;
These boughs the silenc'd, shiv'ring songsters seek!
These foodful berries fill the hungry beak.

Beneath appears a place, all outward, bare,
Inward the dreary mansion of despair!
The water of the mountain-road, half-stray'd,
Breaks o'er it wild, and forms a brown cascade.

Has Nature this rough, naked piece design'd,
To hold inhabitants of mortal kind!
She has. Approach'd, appears a deep descent,
Which opens in a rock a large extent!
And hark!—its hollow entrance reach'd, I hear
A trampling sound of footsteps hast'ning near!
A death-like chillness thwarts my panting breast,
Soft! the wish'd object stands at length confess!

Of

Of youth his form !—But why with anguish bent ?
Why pin'd with fallow marks of discontent ?
Yet Patience, lab'ring to beguile his care,
Seems to raise hope, and smiles away despair.
Compassion, in his eye, surveys my grief,
And in his voice, invites me to relief.
Preventive of thy call, behold my haste,
(He says,) nor let warm thanks thy spirits waste !
All fear forget—Each portal I possess,
Duty wide-opens to receive distress.
Oblig'd, I follow, by his guidance led ;
The vaulted roof re-echoing to our tread !
And now, in squar'd divisions, I survey
Chambers sequester'd from the glare of day ;
Yet needful lights are taught to intervene,
Thro' rifts : each forming a perspective scene.
In front a parlour meets my ent'ring view ;
Oppos'd, a room to sweet refection due.
Here my chill'd veins are warm'd by chippy fires,
Thro' the bor'd rock above, the smoke expires ;
Neat, o'er a homely board, a napkin's spread,
Crown'd with a heapy canister of bread.
A maple cup is next dispatch'd, to bring
The comfort of the salutary spring :
Nor mourn we absent blessings of the vine,
Here laughs a frugal bowl of rosy wine ;
And sav'ry cates, upon clean embers cast,
Lie hissing, till snatch'd off ; a rich repast !

Soon leap my spirits with enliven'd pow'r,
And in gay converse glides the feastful hour.

The Hermit, thus : Thou wonder'st at thy fare :

On me, yon city, kind, bestows her care :

Meat for keen famine, and the gen'rous juice,

That warms chill life, her charities produce :

Accept without reward ; unask'd 'twas mine ;

Here what thy health requires, as free be thine.

Hence learn that GOD, (who in the time of need,

In frozen desarts can the raven feed)

Well-sought, will delegate some pitying breast,

His second means, to succour man distrest.

He paus'd. Deep thought upon his aspect gloom'd ;

Then he, with smile humane, his voice resum'd.

I'm just inform'd, (and laugh me not to scorn)

By one unseen by thee, thou'rt English-born,

Of England I—To me the British state

Rises, in dear memorial, ever great !

Here stand we conscious :—Diffidence suspend !

Free flow our words !—Did ne'er thy muse extend

To grots, where contemplation smiles serene,

Where angels visit, and where joys convene ?

To groves, where more than mortal voices rise ?

Catch the rapt soul, and waft it to the skies ?

This cave !—Yon walks !—But, ere I more unfold,

What artful scenes thy eyes shall here behold,

Think subjects of my toil : nor wond'ring gaze !

What cannot industry completely raise ?

Be the whole earth in one great landscape found,
By Industry is all with beauty crown'd !
He, he alone, explores the mine for gain,
Hews the hard rock, or harrows up the plain ;
He forms the sword to smite, he sheaths the steel,
Draws health from herbs, and shews the balm to heal ;
Or with loom'd wool the native robe supplies ;
Or bids young plants in future forests rise ;
Or fells the monarch oak, which, borne away,
Shall, with new grace, the distant ocean sway ;
Hence golden Commerce views her wealth encrease,
The blissful child of Liberty and Peace.
He scoops the stubborn Alps, and, still employ'd,
Fills, with soft fertile mould, the sterile void ;
Slop'd up white rocks, small, yellow harvests grow,
And, green on terrac'd stages, vineyards blow !
By him fall mountains to a level space,
An isthmus sinks, and funder'd seas embrace !
He founds a city on the naked shore,
And desolation starves the tract no more.
From the wild waves he won the Belgic land ;
Where wide they foam'd her towns and traffics stand ;
He clear'd, manur'd, enlarg'd the furtive ground,
And firms the conquest with his fenceful mound,
Ev'n mid the wat'ry world his Venice rose,
Each fabric there, as Pleasure's seat he shows !
Their marts, sports, councils, are for action fought,
Landscapes for health, and solitude for thought,

B

What

What wonder then, I, by his potent aid,
A mansion in a barren mountain made?
Part thou hast view'd!—If further we explore,
Let Industry deserve applause the more.

No frowning care yon blest apartment fees,
There sleep retires, and finds a couch of ease.
Kind dreams, that fly remorse, and pamper'd wealth,
There shed the smiles of innocence and health.

Mark!—Here descends a grot, delightful seat!
Which warms e'en winter, tempers summer heat!
See!—Gurgling from a top, a spring distils!
In mournful measures wind the dripping rills;
Soft coos of distant doves, receiv'd around,
In soothing mixture, swell the wat'ry sound;
And hence the streamlets seek the terrace' shade,
Within, without, alike to all convey'd.
Pass on—New scenes, by my creative pow'r,
Invite Reflection's sweet and solemn hour.

We enter'd, where, in well-rang'd order, stood
Th' instructive volumes of the wise and good.
These friends (said he) tho' I desert mankind,
Good angels never would permit behind.
Each genius, youth conceals, or time displays,
I know; each work some seraph here conveys,
Retirement thus presents my searchful thought,
What heav'n inspir'd, and what the muse has taught;
What Young, satiric, and sublime has writ,
Whose life is virtue, and whose muse is wit.

Rapt

Rapt I foresee thy * Mallet's early aim
Shine in full worth, and shoot at length to fame,
Sweet fancy's bloom in Fenton's lay appears,
And the ripe judgment of instructive years.
In Hill is all that gen'rous souls revere,
To virtue and the muse for ever dear:
And Thomson, in this praise, thy merit see,
The tongue that praises merit, praises thee.

These scorn (said I) the verse-wright of their age,
Vain of a labour'd, languid, useless page;
To whose dim faculty the meaning song
Is glaring, or obscure, when clear, and strong;
Who, in cant phrases, gives a work disgrace;
His wit, and oddness of his tone and face;
Let the weak malice, nurs'd to an essay,
In some low libel a mean heart display;
Those, who once prais'd, now undeceiv'd, despise,
It lives contemn'd a day, then harmless dies.
Or should some nobler bard, their worth, unpraise,
Deserting morals, that adorn his lays,
Alas! too oft each science shews the same,
The great grow jealous of a greater name:
Ye bards, the frailty mourn, yet brave the shock;
Has not a Stillingfleet oppos'd a Locke?
Oh, still proceed, with sacred rapture fir'd!
Unenvy'd had he liv'd, if unadmir'd.

* Author of a poem, called, THE EXCURSION.

Let Envy, he replied, all ireful rise,
 Envy pursues alone the brave and wise ;
 Maro and Socrates inspire her pain,
 And Pope, the monarch of the tuneful train !
 To whom be Nature's, and Britannia's praise !
 All their bright honours rush into his lays !
 And all that glorious warmth his lays reveal,
 Which only poets, kings, and patriots feel !
 Though gay as mirth, as curious thought sedate,
 As elegance polite, as pow'r elate ;
 Profound as reason, and as justice clear ;
 Soft as compassion, yet as truth severe ;
 As bounty copious, as persuasion sweet,
 Like nature various, and like art complete ;
 So fine her morals, so sublime her views,
 His life is almost equall'd by his muse.

O Pope ! since Envy is decreed by fate,
 Since she pursues alone the wise and great ;
 In one small, emblematic landscape see,
 How vast a distance 'twixt thy foe and thee !
 Truth from an eminence surveys our scene,
 (A hill, where all is clear, and all serene.)
 Rude earth-bred storms o'er meaner valleys blow,
 And wand'ring mists roll, black'ning, far below ;
 Dark, and debas'd, like them, is Envy's aim,
 And clear, and eminent, like Truth, thy fame.

Thus I. From what dire cause can envy spring ?
 Or why embosom we a viper's sting ?

'Tis

'Tis Envy stings our darling passion, pride.
Alas ! (the man of mighty soul replied)
Why chuse we mis'ries ? Most derive their birth
From one bad source—we dread superior worth ;
Prefer'd, it seems a satire on our own ;
Then heedless to excel we meanly moan :
Then we abstract our views, and Envy show,
Whence springs the mis'ry pride is doom'd to know.
Thus folly pain creates : By wisdom's pow'r,
We shun the weight of many a restless hour—
Lo ! I meet wrong ; perhaps the wrong I feel
Tends, by the scheme of things, to public weal.
I, of the whole am part—the joy men see,
Must circulate, and so revolve to me.
Why should I then of private loss complain ?
Of loss, that proves, perchance, a brother's gain ?
The wind, that binds one bark within the bay,
May waft a richer freight its wish'd-for way.
If rains redundant flood the abject ground,
Mountains are but supply'd, when vales are drown'd ;
If, with soft moisture swell'd, the vale looks gay,
The verdure of the mountain fades away.
Shall clouds, but at my welfare's call descend ?
Shall gravity for me her laws suspend ?
For me shall suns their noon-tide course forbear ?
Or motion not subsist to influence air ?
Let the means vary, be they frost, or flame,
Thy end, O Nature ! still remains the same !

Be this the motive of a wise man's care,—
To shun deserving ills, and learn to bear.

C A N T O II.

WHILE thus a mind humane, and wise, he shows,
All-eloquent of truth his language flows.
Youth, tho' depress'd, thro' all his form appears;
Thro' all his sentiments the depth of years.
Thus he—Yet farther Industry behold,
Which conscious waits new wonders to unfold.
Enter my chapel next—Lo! here begin
The hallow'd rites, that check the growth of sin.
When first we met, how soon you seem'd to know
My bosom, lab'ring with the throbs of woe!
Such racking throbs!—Soft! when I rouse those cares,
On my chill'd mind pale Recollection glares!
When moping Frenzy strove my thoughts to sway,
Here prudent labours chas'd her pow'r away.
Full, and rough-rising from yon sculptur'd wall,
Bold prophets, nations to repentance call!
Meek martyrs smile in flames! gor'd champions groan!
And muse-like cherubs tune their harps in stone!
Next shadow'd light a rounding force bestows,
Swells into life, and speaking action grows!
Here pleasing, melancholy subjects find,
To calm, amuse, exalt the pensive mind!

This figure tender grief, like mine, implies,
And semblant thoughts, that earthly pomp despise.
Such penitential Magdalene reveals;
Loose-veil'd, in negligence of charms she kneels.
Tho' drefs, near-stor'd, its vanity supplies,
The vanity of drefs unheeded lies.
The sinful world in sorrowing eye she keeps,
As o'er Jerusalem Messiah weeps.
One hand her bosom smites; in one appears
The lifted lawn, that drinks her falling tears.

Since evil outweighs good, and sways mankind,
True fortitude assumes the patient mind:
Such prov'd Messiah's, tho' to suff'ring born,
To penury, repulse, reproach and scorn.
Here, by the pencil, mark his flight design'd:
The weary'd virgin by a stream reclin'd,
Who feeds the child. Her looks a charm express,
A modest charm, that dignifies distress.
Boughs o'er their heads with blushing fruits depend,
Which angels to her busied consort bend.
Hence by the smiling infant seems discern'd,
Trifles, concerning Him, all heav'n, concern'd.

Here the transfigur'd Son from earth retires:
See! the white form in a bright cloud aspires!
Full on his foll'wers bursts a flood of rays,
Prostrate they fall beneath th' o'erwhelming blaze!
Like noon-tide summer-suns the rays appear,
Unsuff'rable, magnificent, and near!

What scene of agony the garden brings;
 The cup of gall; the suppliant king of kings!
 The crown of thorns; the cross, that felt him die;
 These, languid in the sketch, unfinish'd lie.

There, from the dead, centurions see him rise,
 See! but struck down with horrible surprize!
 As the first glory seem'd a sun at noon,
 This casts the silver splendor of the moon.

Here peopled day, th' ascending God surveys!
 The glory varies, as the myriads gaze!
 Now soften'd, like a sun at distance seen,
 When thro' a cloud bright-glancing, yet serene!
 Now fast-encreasing to the croud amaz'd,
 Like some vast meteor high in ether rais'd!

My labour, yon high-vaulted altar stains
 With dyes, that emulate ethereal plains.
 The convex glass which in that opening glows,
 Mid circling rays a pictur'd Saviour shows!
 Bright it collects the beams, which, trembling, all,
 Back from the God, a show'ry radiance fall.
 Light'ning the scene beneath! a scene divine!
 Where faints, clouds, seraphs, intermingled shine!

Here water-falls, that play melodious round,
 Like a sweet organ, swell a lofty sound!
 The solemn notes bid earthly passions fly,
 Lull all my cares, and lift my soul on high!

This monumental marble—this I rear
 To one—Oh! ever mourn'd!—Oh! ever dear!

He

He stopt—pathetic sighs the pause supply.
And the prompt tear starts, quiv'ring, on his eye!

I look'd—two columns near the wall were seen,
An imag'd beauty stretch'd at length between.
Near the wept fair, her harp Cecilia strung;
Leaning, from high, a list'ning angel hung!
Friendship, whose figure at the feet remains,
A phoenix, with irradiate crest, sustains:
This grac'd one palm, while one extends t' impart
Two foreign hands, that clasp a burning heart.
A pendent veil two hov'ring seraphs raise,
Which opening heav'n upon the roof displays!
And two, benevolent, less-distant, hold
A vase, collective of perfumes uproll'd!
These from the heart, by Friendship held, arise,
Od'rous as incense gath'ring in the skies,
In the fond pelican is love express'd,
Who opens to her young her tender breast.
Two mated turtles hov'ring hang in air,
One by a falcon struck!—In wild despair,
The hermit cries—So death, alas! destroys
The tender comfort of my cares and joys!
Again soft tears upon his eye-lid hung,
Again check'd sounds dy'd, flutt'ring, on his tongue.
Too well his pining inmost thought I know!
Too well e'en silence tells the story'd woe!
To his my sighs, to his my tears reply!
I stray o'er all the tomb a wat'ry eye!

Next

Next, on the wall her scenes of life I gaz'd,
 The form back-leaning, by a globe half-rais'd !
 Cherubs a proffer'd crown of glory show,
 Ey'd wistful by th' admiring fair below.
 In action eloquent dispos'd her hands,
 One shows her breast, in rapture one expands !
 This the fond hermit seiz'd !—o'er all his soul,
 The soft, wild, wailing, am'rous passion stole !
 In stedfast gaze his eyes her aspect keep,
 Then turn away, awhile dejected weep ;
 Then he reverts 'em ; but reverts in vain,
 Dimm'd with the swelling grief that streams again.
 Where now is my philosophy ? (he cries)
 My joy, hope, reason, my Olympia dies !
 Why did I e'er that prime of blessings know ?
 Was it, ye cruel fates, t' embitter woe ?
 Why would your bolts not level first my head ?
 Why must I live to weep Olympia dead ?
 —Sir, I had once a wife ! fair bloom'd her youth,
 Her form was beauty, and her soul was truth !
 Oh, she was dear ! How dear, what words can say ?
 She dies !—my heav'n at once is snatch'd away !
 Ah ! what avails, that, by a father's care,
 I rose a wealthy and illustrious heir ?
 That early in my youth I learn'd to prove
 Th' instructive, pleasing, academic grove ?
 That in the senate eloquence was mine ?
 That valour gave me in the field to shine ?

That

That love show'r'd blessings too—far more than all
High rapt ambition e'er could happy call?
Ah!—What are these, which e'en the wise adore?
Lost is my pride!—Olympia is no more!
Had I, ye persecuting pow'rs! been born
The world's cold pity, or, at best, its scorn;
Of wealth, of rank, of kindred warmth bereft;
To want, to shame, to ruthless censure left!
Patience, or pride, to this, relief supplies!
But a lost wife!—there! there distraction lies!

Now three sad years I yield me all to grief,
And fly the hated comfort of relief:
Tho' rich, great, young, I leave a pompous seat,
(My brother's now) to seek some dark retreat;
Mid cloister'd solitary tombs I stray,
Despair and horror lead the cheerless way!
My sorrow grows to such a wild excess,
Life, injur'd life, must with the passion less!
Olympia!—My Olympia's lost! (I cry.)
Olympia's lost, the hollow vaults reply!
Louder I make my lamentable moan;
The swelling echoes learn like me to groan;
The ghosts to scream, as thro' lone aisles they sweep!
The shrines to shudder, and the faints to weep!

Now grief and rage, by gath'ring sighs, suppress,
Swell my full heart, and heave my lab'ring breast!
With struggling starts, each vital string they strain,
And strike the tott'ring fabric of my brain!

O'er

O'er my sunk spirits frowns a vap'ry scene,
Woe's dark retreat ! the madding maze of spleen !
A deep damp gloom o'er spreads the murky cell ;
Here pining thoughts, and secret terrors dwell !
Here learn the Great unreal wants to feign !
Unpleasing truths here mortify the vain !
Here learning, blinded first, and then beguil'd,
Looks dark as Ignorance, as Frenzy wild !
Here first Credulity on Reason won !
And here false Zeal mysterious rants begun !
Here Love in pearls each moment with a tear,
And Superstition owes to Spleen her fear !

Fantastic lightnings, thro' the dreary way,
In swift short signals flash the bursting day !
Above, beneath, across, around, they fly !
A dire deception strikes the mental eye !
By the blue fires, pale phantoms grin severe !
Shrill, fancy'd echoes wound th' affrighted ear !
Air-banish'd spirits flag in fogs profound,
And, all-obscene, shed baneful damps around !
Now whisp'ers, trembling in some feeble wind,
Sigh out prophetic fears, and freeze the mind !

Loud laughs the hag !—She mocks complaint away,
Unroofs the den, and lets in more than day.
Swarms of wild Fancies, wing'd in various flight,
Seek emblematic shades, and mystic light !
Some drive with rapid steeds the shining car !
These nod from thrones ! Those thunder in the war !

Till

Till, tir'd, they turn from the delusive show,
Start from wild joy, and fix in stupid woe.

Here the lone hour, a blank of life displays,
Till now bad thoughts a fiend more active raise;
A fiend in evil moments ever nigh!
Death in her hand, and frenzy in her eye!
Her eye all red, and sunk!—A robe she wore,
With life's calamities embroider'd o'er.
A mirror in one hand collective shows,
Varied, and multiply'd that group of woes.
This endless foe to gen'rous toil and pain
Lolls on a couch for ease; but lolls in vain;
She muses o'er her woe-embroider'd vest,
And self-abhorrence heightens in her breast.
To shun her care, the force of sleep she tries,
Still wakes her mind, tho' slumbers doze her eyes:
She dreams, starts, rises, stalks from place to place,
With restless, thoughtful, interrupted pace;
Now eyes the sun, and curses ev'ry ray,
Now the green ground, where colour fades away.
Dim spectres dance! Again her eye she rears;
Then from the blood-shot ball wipes purpled tears;
Then presses hard her brow, with mischief fraught,
Her brow half bursts with agony of thought!
From me (she cries) pale wretch, thy comfort claim,
Born of Despair, and Suicide my name!
Why should thy life a moment's pain endure?
Here ev'ry object proffers grief a cure.

She

She points where leaves of hemlock black'ning shoot!
Fear not! pluck! eat (said she) the sov'reign root!
Then Death, revers'd, shall bear his ebon lance!
Soft o'er thy fight shall swim the shadowy trance!
Or leap yon rock, possess a wat'ry grave,
And leave wild sorrow to the wind and wave!
Or mark—this poniard thus from mis'ry frees!
She wounds her breast!—the guilty steel I seize!
Straight, where she struck, a smoking spring of gore
Wells from the wound, and floats the crimson'd floor,
She faints! she fades!—Calm thoughts the deed revolve,
And now, unstartling, fix the dire resolve;
Death drops his terrors, and, with charming wiles,
Winning, and kind, like my Olympia smiles!
He points the passage to the seats divine,
Where poets, heroes, fainted lovers shine!
I come, Olympia!—My rear'd arm extends;
Half to my breast the threat'ning point descends!
Straight thunder rocks the land! new lightnings play!
When, lo! a voice resounds—Arise! away!
Away! nor murmur at th' afflictive rod!
Nor tempt the vengeance of an angry God!
Fly'st thou from Providence for vain relief?
Such ill-fought ease shall draw avenging grief.
Honour, the more obstructed, stronger shines,
And zeal by persecution's rage refines.
By woe, the soul to daring actions swells;
By woe, in painless patience it excels;

From

From patience, prudent clear experience springs,
And traces knowledge thro' the course of things!
Thence hope is form'd, thence fortitude, success,
Renown:—whate'er men covet and care.

The vanish'd fiend thus sent a hollow voice—
Would'st thou be happy! Straight be death thy choice.
How mean are those, who passively complain;
While active souls, more free, their fetters strain?
Tho' knowledge thine, hope, fortitude, success,
Renown:—whate'er men covet and care;
On earth success must in its turn give way,
And ev'n perfection introduce decay.
Never the world of spirits thus—their rest
Untouch'd! entire! once happy, ever blest!

Earnest the heav'nly voice responsive cries,
Oh, listen not to subtilty unwise!
Thy guardian saint, who mourns thy hapless fate,
Heav'n grants to prop thy virtue, ere too late.
Know, if thou wilt thy dear-lov'd wife deplore,
Olympia waits thee on a foreign shore;
There in a cell thy last remains be spent;
Away! deceive Despair, and find Content!

I heard, obey'd; nor more of fate complain'd;
Long seas I measur'd, and this mountain gain'd.
Soon to a yawning rift, chance turn'd my way;
A den it prov'd where a huge serpent lay!
Flame-ey'd he lay!—He rages now for food,
Meets my first glance, and meditates my blood!

His

His bulk, in many a gather'd orb uproll'd,
 Rears spire on spire ! His scales, be-dropt with gold,
 Shine burnish'd in the sun ! Such height they gain,
 They dart green lustre on the distant main !
 Now writh'd in dreadful slope, he stoops his crest,
 Furious to fix on my unshielded breast !
 Just as he springs, my sabre smites the foe !
 Headless he falls beneath th' unerring blow !
 Wrath yet remains, tho' strength his fabric leaves,
 And the meant hiss, the gasping mouth deceives ;
 The length'ning trunk slow-loofens ev'ry fold,
 Lingers in life ; then stretches stiff, and cold,
 Just as th' invet'rate son of mischief ends,
 Comes a white dove, and near the spot descends :
 I hail this omen ! all bad passions cease,
 Like the slain snake, and all within is peace.

Next, to Religion this plain roof I raise !
 In duteous rites my hallow'd tapers blaze !
 I bid due incense on my altar smoke !
 Then, at this tomb, my promis'd Love invoke !
 She hears !--She comes !--My heart what raptures warm ?
 All my Olympia sparkles in the form !
 No pale, wan, livid mark of Death she bears !
 Each roseate look a quick'ning transport wears !
 A robe of light, high-wrought, her shape invests ;
 Unzon'd the swelling beauty of her breasts !
 Her auburn hair each flowing ring resumes,
 In her fair hand, Love's branch of myrtle blooms !

Silent

Silent, awhile, each well-known charm I trace ;
Then thus, (while nearer she avoids th' embrace)
Thou dear deceit !—must I a shade pursue ?
Dazzled I gaze !—thou swimm'st before my view !
Dipt in etherial dews, her bough divine
Sprinkles my eyes, which, strengthen'd, bear the shine :
Still thus I urge (for still the shadowy bliss
Shuns the warm grasp, nor yields the tender kiss)
Oh, fly not !—fade not ! listen to Love's call !
She lives !—no more I 'm man !—I 'm spirit all !
Then let me snatch thee !—press thee !—take me whole !
Oh, close !—yet closer !—closer to my soul !
Twice, round her waist, my eager arms entwin'd,
And, twice deceiv'd, my frenzy clasp'd the wind !
Then thus I rav'd—Behold thy husband kneel,
And judge ! O judge, what agonies I feel !
Oh ! be no longer, if unkind, thus fair ;
Take Horror's shape, and fright me with despair !
Rather than thus, unpitying, see my moan,
Far rather frown, and fix me here in stone !
But mock not thus—Alas ! (the charmer said,
Smiling ; and, in her smile, soft radiance play'd)
Alas ! no more eluded strength employ,
To clasp a shade !—What more is mortal joy ?
Man's bliss is, like his knowledge, but surmis'd ;
One ignorance, the other pain disguis'd !
Thou wert (had all thy wish been still possess)
Supremely curst from being greatly blest ;

For oh ! so fair, so dear was I to thee,
 Thou hadst forgot thy God, to worship me ;
 This he foresaw, and snatch'd me to the tomb ;
 Above I flourish in unfading bloom.
 Think me not lost : for thee I heav'n implore !
 Thy guardian angel, tho' a wife no more !
 I, when abstracted from this world you seem,
 Hint the pure thought, and frame the heav'nly dream !
 Close at thy side, when morning streaks the air,
 In Music's voice I wake thy mind to pray'r !
 By me, thy hymns, like purest incense, rise,
 Fragrant with grace, and pleasing to the skies !
 And when that form shall from its clay refine,
 (That only bar betwixt my soul and thine !)
 When thy lov'd spirit mounts to realms of light,
 Then shall Olympia aid thy earliest flight ;
 Mingled we'll flame in raptures, that aspire
 Beyond all youth, all sense, and all desire.

She ended. Still such sweetness dwells behind,
 Th' enchanting voice still warbles in my mind :
 But lo ! th' unbodied vision fleets away !—
 —Stay, my Olympia !—I conjure thee, stay !
 Yet stay—for thee my mem'ry learns to smart !
 Sure ev'ry vein contains a bleeding heart !
 Sooner shall splendor leave the blaze of day,
 Than love, so pure, so vast as mine, decay,
 From the same heav'nly source its lustre came,
 And glows, immortal, with congenial flame !

Ah!—let me not with fires neglected burn ;
Sweet mistress of my soul, return, return !

Alas!—she's fled!—I traverse now the place,
Where my enamour'd thoughts her footsteps trace.
Now, o'er the tomb, I bend my drooping head,
There tears, the eloquence of sorrow, shed.
Sighs choke my words, unable to express
The pangs, the throbs of speechless tenderness !
Not with more ardent, more transparent flame,
Call dying faints on their Creator's name,
Than I on hers ;—but, thro' yon yielding door,
Glides a new phantom o'er th' illumin'd floor !
The roof swift-kindles from the beaming ground,
And floods of living lustre flame around !
In all the majesty of light array'd,
Awful it shines!—'tis Cato's honour'd shade !
As I, the heav'nly visitant pursue,
Sublimar glory opens to my view !
He speaks!—But, oh ! what words shall dare repeat
His thoughts!—they leave me fir'd with patriot heat
More than poetic raptures now I feel,
And own that godlike passion, public zeal !
But, from my frailty, it receives a stain,
I grow, unlike my great Inspirer, vain ;
And burn, once more, the busy world to know,
And would, in scenes of action foremost glow !
Where proud ambition points her dazzling rays !
Where coronets and crowns, attractive, blaze !

When my Olympia leaves the realms above,
And lures me back to solitary love.

She tells me truth, prefers an humble state,
That genuine greatness shuns the being great !
That mean are those, who false-term'd honour prize ;
Whose fabricks, from their country's ruin rise ;
Who look the traitor, like the patriot fair ;
Who, to enjoy the vineyard, wrong the heir.

I hear !—thro' all my veins new transports roll !
I gaze !—warm love comes rushing on my soul !
Ravish'd I gaze !—again her charms decay !
Again my manhood to my grief gives way !
Cato returns !—Zeal takes her course to reign !
But zeal is in ambition lost again !
I'm now the slave of fondness !—now of pride !
—By turns they conquer, and by turns subside !
These balanc'd each by each, the golden mean,
Betwixt them found, gives happiness serene ;
This I'll enjoy !—He ended !—I reply'd :
O Hermit ! thou art worth severely try'd !
But had not innate grief produc'd thy woes,
Men, barb'rous men, had prey'd on thy repose.
When seeking joy, we seldom sorrow miss,
And often mis'ry points the path to bliss.
The soil, most worthy of the thrifty swain,
Is wounded thus, ere trusted with the grain ;
The struggling grain must work obscure its way,
Ere the first green springs upward to the day ;

Up-

Up-sprung, such weed-like coarseness it betrays,
Flocks on th' abandon'd blade permissive graze ;
Then shoots the wealth, from imperfection clear,
And thus a grateful harvest crowns the year.

C A N T O III,

THUS free our social time from morning flows,
Till rising shades attempt the day to close.
Thus my new friend : Behold the light's decay :
Back to yon city let me point thy way.
South-west, behind yon hill, the slooping sun,
To ocean's verge his fluent course has run :
His parting eyes a wat'ry radiance shed,
Glance through the vale, and tip the mountain's head :
To which oppos'd the shad'wy gulfs below,
Beauteous, reflect the party-colour'd snow.
Now dance the stars, where Vesper leads the way ;
Yet all faint-glimm'ring with remains of day.
Orient, the Queen of Night emits her dawn,
And throws, unseen, her mantle o'er the lawn.
Up the blue steep, her crimson orb now shines ;
Now on the mountain-top her arm reclines,
In a red crescent seen : her zone now gleams,
Like Venus, quiv'ring in reflecting streams.
Yet red'ning, yet round-burning up the air,
From the white cliff, her feet slow-rising glare !

See ! flames, condens'd, now vary her attire ;
Her face, a broad circumference of fire.
Dark firs seem kindled in nocturnal blaze ;
Thro' ranks of pines, her broken lustre plays,
Here glares, there brown-projecting shade bestows,
And, glitt'ring, sports upon the spangled snows.

Now silver turn her beams !—Yon den they gain ;
The big, rouz'd lion shakes his brindled main.
Fierce, fleet, gaunt monsters, all prepar'd for gore,
Rend woods, vales, rocks, with wide-resounding roar.
O dire presage !—But fear not thou, my friend,
Our steps the guardians of the just attend.
Homeward I'll wait thee on—and now survey,
How men, and spirits, chace the night away !
Yon nymphs and swains in am'rous mirth advance ;
To breathing music moves the circling dance.
Here the bold youth in deeds advent'rous glow,
Skimming in rapid sleds the crackling snow.
Not when Tydides won the fun'ral race,
Shot his light car along in swifter pace.
Here the glaz'd way with iron feet they dare,
And glide, well-pois'd, like Mercuries in air.
There crowds, with stable tread, and levell'd eye,
Lift, and dismiss the quoits, that whirling fly.
With force superior, not with skill so true,
The pond'rous disk from Roman sinews flew.
Where neighb'ring hills some cloudy sheet sustain,
Freez'd o'er the nether vale a pensive plain,

Cross

Cross the roof'd hollow rolls the massy round,
The crack'd ice rattles, and the rocks resound !
Censures, disputes, and laughs, alternate, rise ;
And deaf'ning clangor thunders up the skies.

Thus, amid crowded images, serene,
From hour to hour we pass'd, from scene to scene :
Fast wore the night. Full long we pac'd our way ;
Vain steps ! the city yet far distant lay.
While thus the Hermit, ere my wonder spoke,
Methought, with new amusement, silence broke :
Yon amber-hu'd cascade, which fleecy flies
Thro' rocks, and strays along the trackless skies
To frolic fairies marks the mazy ring ;
Forth to the dance from little cells they spring,
Measur'd to pipe, or harp !—and next they stand.
Marshall'd beneath the moon, a radiant band !
In frost-work now delight the sportive kind :
Now court wild Fancy in the whistling wind.

Hark !—the funereal bell's deep-sounding toll,
To bliss, from mis'ry, calls some righteous soul !
Just freed from life, like swift-ascending fire,
Glorious it mounts, and gleams from yonder spire !
Light claps its wings !—It views, with pitying sight,
The friendly mourner pay the pious rite ;
The plume high-wrought, that black'ning nods in air ;
The slow-pac'd weeping pomp ; the solemn pray'r ;
The decent tomb ; the verse, that Sorrow gives,
Where, to remembrance sweet, fair Virtue lives.

Now to mid-heav'n the whiten'd moon inclines,
And shades contract, mark'd out in clearer lines ;
With noiseless gloom the plains are delug'd o'er :
See !—from the north, what streaming meteors pour !
Beneath Boötes springs the radiant train,
And quiver thro' the axle of his wain.
O'er altars thus, impainted, we behold
Half-circling glories shoot in rays of gold,
Cross either swift elance the vivid fires !
As swift again each pointed flame retires !
In fancy's eye encount'ring armies glare,
And sanguine ensigns wave unfurl'd in air !
Hence the weak vulgar deem impending fate,
A monarch ruin'd, or unpeopled state.
Thus comets, dreadful visitants ! arise
To them wild omens, science to the wise !
These mark the comet to the sun incline,
While deep-red flames around its center shine !
While its fierce rear a winding trail displays,
And lights all ether with the sweepy blaze !
Or when, compell'd, it flies the torrid zone,
And shoots by worlds unnumber'd, and unknown ;
By worlds, whose people, all-aghast with fear,
May view that minister of vengeance near !
'Till now the transient glow, remote, and lost,
Decays, and darkens 'mid involving frost !
Or when it, sun-ward, drinks rich beams again,
And burns imperious on th' ethereal plain !

The

The learn'd-one, curious, eyes it from afar,
Sparkling thro' night, a new, illustrious star !

The moon, descending, saw us now pursue
The various talk ;—the city near in view !

Here from still life (he cries) avert thy sight,
And mark what deeds adorn, or shame the night !

But, heedful, each immodest prospect fly ;

Where decency forbids enquiry's eye.

Man were not man, without love's wanton fire,

But reason's glory is to quell desire.

What are thy fruits, O Lust ? Short blessings, bought

With long remorse, the seed of bitter thought ;

Perhaps some babe to dire diseases born,

Doom'd for another's crimes, thro' life, to mourn ;

Or murder'd, to preserve a mother's fame ;

Or cast obscure ; the child of want and shame !

False pride ! What vices on our conduct steal,

From the world's eye one frailty to conceal ?

Ye cruel mothers !—Soft ! those words command ;

So near shall cruelty and mother stand ?

Can the dove's bosom snakey venom draw ?

Can its foot sharpen, like the vulture's claw ?

Can the fond goat, or tender fleecy dam

Howl, like the wolf, to tear the kid, or lamb ?

Yes, there are mothers—There I fear'd his aim,

And conscious, trembled at the coming name ;

Then, with a sigh, his issuing words oppos'd !

Straight with a falling tear the speech he clos'd.

That

That tenderness which ties of blood deny,
 Nature repaid me from a stranger's eye.
 Pale grew my cheeks!—But now to gen'ral views
 Our converse turns, which thus my friend renews.

Yon mansion, made by beaming tapers gay,
 Drowns the dim night, and counterfeits the day.
 From lumin'd windows glancing on the eye,
 Around, athwart, the frisking shadows fly,
 There midnight riot spreads illusive joys,
 And fortune, health, and dearer time destroys.
 Soon death's dark agent to luxuriant ease,
 Shall wake sharp warnings in some fierce disease.

O man! thy fabric's like a well-form'd state;
 Thy thoughts, first-rank'd, were sure design'd the great!
 Passions plebeians are, which faction raise;
 Wine, like pour'd oil, excites the raging blaze:
 Then giddy anarchy's rude triumphs rise:
 Then sov'reign reason from her empire flies:
 That ruler once depos'd, wisdom and wit,
 To noise and folly, place and pow'r submit;
 Like a frail bark thy weaken'd mind is tost,
 Unsteer'd, unbalanc'd, till its wealth is lost.

The miser-spirit eyes the spendthrift heir,
 And mourns, too late, effects of sordid care.
 His treasures fly to cloy each fawning slave;
 Yet grudge a stone to dignify his grave.
 For this, low-thoughted craft his life employ'd;
 For this, tho' wealthy, he no wealth enjoy'd;

For

For this, he grip'd the poor, and alms deny'd,
Unfriended liv'd, and unlamented died.
Yet smile, griev'd shade ! when that unprosp'rous store
Fast-lessens, when gay hours return no more ;
Smile at thy heir, beholding in his fall,
Men once oblig'd, like him, ungrateful all !
Then thought-inspiring woe his heart shall mend,
And prove his only wise, unflatt'ring friend.

Folly exhibits thus unmanly sport,
While plotting mischief keeps reserv'd her court.
Lo ! from that mount, in blasting sulphur broke,
Stream flames voluminous, enwrapp'd with smoke !
In chariot-shape they whirl up yonder tow'r,
Lean on its brow, and like destruction low'r !
From the black depth a fiery legion springs ;
Each bold, bad spectre claps her sounding wings :
And straight beneath a summon'd, trait'rous band,
On horror bent, in dark convention stand :
From each fiend's mouth a ruddy vapour flows,
Glides thro' the roof, and o'er the council glows :
The villains, close beneath th' infection pent,
Feel, all-possess'd, their rising galls ferment ;
And burn with faction, hate, and vengeful ire,
For rapine, blood, and devastation dire !
But Justice marks their ways : she waves, in air,
The sword, high-threat'ning, like a comet's glare.

While here dark Villainy herself deceives,
There studious Honesty our view relieves.

A feeble

A feeble taper, from yon lonesome room,
Scatt'ring thin rays, just glimmers thro' the gloom.
There sits the sapient BARD in museful mood,
And glows impassion'd for his country's good !
All the bright spirits of the just, combin'd,
Inform, refine, and prompt his tow'ring mind !
He takes the gifted quill from hands divine,
Around his temples rays refulgent shine !
Now rapt ! now more than man !—I see him climb,
To view this speck of earth from worlds sublime !
I see him now o'er Nature's works preside !
How clear the vision ! and the scene how wide !
Let some a name by adulation raise,
Or scandal, meaner than a venal praise !
My muse (he cries) a nobler prospect view !
Thro' fancy's wilds some moral's point pursue !
From dark deception clear-drawn truth display,
As from black chaos rose resplendent day !
Awake compassion, and bid terror rise !
Bid humble sorrows strike superior eyes !
So pamper'd pow'r, unconscious of distress,
May see, be mov'd, and, being mov'd, redress.

Ye traitors, tyrants, fear his stinging lay !
Ye pow'rs unlov'd, unpity'd in decay !
But know, to you sweet-blossom'd Fame he brings,
Ye heroes, patriots, and paternal kings !

O Thou, who form'd, who rais'd the poet's art,
(Voice of thy will !) unerring force impart !

If

If wailing worth can gen'rous warmth excite,
If verse can gild instruction with delight,
Inspire his honest Muse with orient flame,
To rise, to dare, to reach the noblest aim !

But, O my friend ! mysterious is our fate !
How mean his fortune, tho' his mind elate !
Æneas-like, he passes thro' the crowd,
Unsought, unseen beneath misfortune's cloud ;
Or seen with slight regard : Unprais'd his name ;
His after-honour, and our after-flame.
The doom'd desert to av'rice stands confess'd ;
Her eyes averted are, and steel'd her breast.
Envy asquint the future wonder eyes :
Bold Insult, pointing, hoots him as he flies ;
While coward Censure, skill'd in darker ways,
Hints sure detraction in dissembled praise !
Hunger, thirst, nakedness, there grievous fall !
Unjust Derision too !—that tongue of gall !
Slow comes relief, with no mild charms endu'd,
Usher'd by Pride, and by Reproach pursu'd.
Forc'd Pity meets him with a cold respect,
Unkind as Scorn, ungen'rous as Neglect.

Yet, suff'ring Worth ! thy fortitude will shine !
Thy foes are Virtue's, and her friends are thine !
Patience is thine, and Peace thy days shall crown ;
Thy treasure Prudence, and thy claim Renown :
Myriads, unborn, shall mourn thy hapless fate,
And myriads grow, by thy example, great !

Hark !

Hark ! from the watch-tow'r rolls the trumpet's sound,
 Sweet thro' still night, proclaiming safety round !
 Yon shade illustrious quits the realms of rest,
 To aid some orphan of its race distressed,
 Safe winds him thro' the subterraneous way,
 That mines yon mansion, grown with ruin grey,
 And marks the wealthy, unsuspected ground,
 Where, green with rust, long-buried coins abound.
 This plaintive ghost, from earth when newly fled,
 Saw those, the living trusted, wrong the dead ;
 He saw, by fraud abus'd, the lifeless hand
 Sign the false deed that alienates his land ;
 Heard, on his fame, injurious censure thrown,
 And mourn'd the beggar'd orphan's bitter groan.
 Commission'd now, the falsehood he reveals,
 To justice soon th' enabled heir appeals ;
 Soon, by this wealth, are costly pleas maintain'd,
 And, by discover'd truth, lost right regain'd.

But why (may some enquire) why kind success,
 Since mystic heav'n gives mis'ry oft to bless ?
 Tho' mis'ry leads to happiness and truth,
 Unequal to the load, this languid youth,
 Unstrengthen'd virtue scarce his bosom fir'd,
 And fearful from his growing wants retir'd.
 (Oh, let none censure, if, untried by grief,
 If, amidst woe, untempted by relief,)
 He stoop'd reluctant to low arts of shame,
 Which then, ev'n then he scorn'd, and blush'd to name.

Heav'

Heav'n fees, and makes th' imperfect worth its care,
And cheers the trembling heart, unform'd to bear.
Now rising fortune elevates his mind,
He shines unclouded, and adorns mankind.

So in some engine, that denies a vent,
If unrespiring is some creature pent,
It sickens, droops, and pants, and gasps for breath,
Sad o'er the sight swim shad'wy mists of death ;
If then kind air pours pow'rful in again,
New heats, new pulses quicken ev'ry vein ;
From the clear'd, lifted, life-rekindled eye,
Dispers'd, the dark and dampy vapours fly.

From trembling tombs the ghosts of greatness rise,
And o'er their bodies hang with wistful eyes ;
Or discontented stalk, and mix their howls
With howling wolves, their screams with screaming owls.

The interval 'twixt night and morn is nigh,
Winter more nitrous chills the shadow'd sky.
Springs with soft heats no more give borders green,
Nor smoaking breathe along the whiten'd scene ;
While steamy currents, sweet in prospect, charm
Like veins blue-winding on a fair-one's arm.

Now Sleep to Fancy parts with half his pow'r,
And broken slumbers drag the restless hour.
The murder'd seems alive, and ghastly glares,
And in dire dreams the conscious murd'rer scares,
Shews the yet-spouting wound, th' ensanguin'd floor,
The walls yet smoaking with the spatter'd gore ;

Or

Or shrieks to dozing justice, and reveals
The deed, which fraudulent art from day conceals ;
The delve obscene, where no suspicion pries,
Where the disfigur'd corse unshrouded lies ;
The sure, the striking proof, so strong maintain'd,
Pale Guilt starts self-convicted, when arraign'd.

These spirits, treason of its pow'r divest,
And turn the peril from the patriot's breast.
Those solemn thought inspire, or bright descend
To snatch, in vision sweet, the dying friend.

But we deceive the gloom, the matin bell
Summon's to prayer!—Now breakst' inchanter's spell!
And now—But yon fair spirit's form survey !
'Tis she!—Olympia beckons me away !
I haste! I fly—adieu!—and when you see
The youth who bleeds with fondness, think on me :
Tell him my tale, and be his pain carest ;
By love I tortur'd was, by love I'm blest.
When worship'd woman we entranc'd behold,
We praise the Maker in his fairest mould ;
The pride of nature, harmony combin'd,
And light immortal to the soul refin'd !
Depriv'd of charming woman, soon we miss
The prize of friendship, and the life of bliss !

Still thro' the shades Olympia dawning breaks!
What bloom, what brightness lusters o'er her cheeks !
Again she calls!—I dare no longer stay !
A kind farewell—Olympia, I obey.

He

He turn'd, nor longer in my sight remain'd ;
The mountain he, I save the city gain'd.

C A N T O IV.

STILL o'er my mind wild Fancy holds her sway,
Still on strange visionary land I stray.
Now scenes crowd thick ! now indistinct appear !
Swift glide the months, and turn the varying year !

Near the Bull's horn light's rising monarch draws ;
Now on its back the Pleiades he thaws
From vernal heat pale winter forc'd to fly,
Northward retires, yet turns a wat'ry eye :
Then with an aguish breath nips infant blooms,
Deprives unfolding spring of rich perfumes,
Shakes the slow-circling blood of human race,
And in sharp, livid looks contracts the face.
Now o'er Norwegian hills he strides away :
Such slipp'ry paths Ambition's steps betray.
Turning, with sighs, far spiral firs he sees,
Which bow obedient to the southern breeze.
Now from yon Zemblan rock his crest he shrouds,
Like Fame's, obscur'd amid the whitening clouds ;
Thence his lost empire is with tears deplor'd :
Such tyrants shed o'er liberty restor'd.
Beneath his eye (that throws malignant light
Ten times the measur'd round of mortal fight)

D

A waste,

A waste, pale-glimm'ring, like a moon, that wanes
 A wild expanse of frozen sea contains.
 It cracks ! vast floating mountains beat the shore ;
 Far off he hears those icy ruins roar,
 And from the hideous crash distracted flies,
 Like one who feels his dying infant's cries.
 Near, and more near the rushing torrents sound,
 And one great rift runs thro' the vast profound,
 Swift as a shooting meteor ; groaning loud,
 Like deep-roll'd thunder thro' a rending cloud.
 The late-dark Pole now feels unsetting day ;
 In hurricanes of wrath he whirls his way ;
 O'er many a polar Alp to Frost he goes,
 O'er crackling vales, embrown'd with melting snows ;
 Here bears stalk tenants of the barren space,
 Few men ! unsocial those !—a barb'rous race !
 At length the cave appears ! the race is run :
 Now he recounts vast conquests lost, and won,
 And taleful in th' embrace of Frost remains,
 Barr'd from our climes, and bound in icy chains.

Meanwhile the sun his beams on Cancer throws,
 Which now beneath his warmest influence glows.
 From glowing Cancer fall'n, the King of day,
 Red thro' the kindling Lion shoots his ray.
 The tawny harvest pays the earlier plough,
 And mellowing fruitage loads the bending bough.
 'Tis day-spring. Now green lab'rins I frequent,
 Where Wisdom oft retires to meet Content.

The

The mounting lark her warbling anthem lends,
 From note to note the ravish'd soul ascends;
 As thus it would the patriarch's ladder climb,
 By some good angel led to worlds sublime:
 Oft (legends say) the snake, with waken'd ire,
 Like Envy rears in many a scaly spire;
 Then songsters droop, then yield their vital gore,
 And innocence and music are no more.

Mild rides the morn in orient beauty dress'd,
 An azure mantle, and a purple vest,
 Which, blown by gales, her gemmy feet display,
 Her amber tresses negligently gay.
 Collected now her rosy hand they fill,
 And, gently wrung, the pearly dew distil.
 The songful zephyrs, and the laughing hours,
 Breathe sweet; and strew her op'ning way with flow'rs

The chatt'ring swallows leave their nested care,
 Each promising return with plenteous fare.
 So the fond swain, who to the market hies,
 Stills, with big hopes, his infant's tender cries.

Yonder two turtles, o'er their callow brood,
 Hang hov'ring, ere they seek their guiltless food.
 Fondly they bill. Now to their morning care,
 Like our first parents, part the am'rous pair:
 But ah!—a pair no more!—With spreading wings,
 From the high-sounding cliff a vulture springs;
 Steady he sails along th' aerial grey,
 Swoops down, and bears yon tim'rous dove away.

start we, who worse than vultures, Nimrods find,
Men meditating prey on human-kind ?

Wild beasts to gloomy dens repace their way,
Where their couch'd young demand the slaughter'd prey.
Rooks, from their nodding nests, black-swarming fly,
And, in hoarse uproar, tell the fowler nigh.

Now, in his tabernacle rous'd, the sun
Is warn'd the blue etherial sleep to run ;
While on his couch of floating jasper laid,
From his bright eye Sleep calls the dewy shade.
The crystal dome transparent pillars raise,
Whence, beam'd from sapphires, living azure plays ;
The liquid floor, in-wrought with pearls divine,
Where all his labours in mosaic shine.
His coronet, a cloud of silver-white :
His robe with unconsuming crimson bright,
Varied with gems, all heaven's collected store !
While his loose locks descend, a golden show'r.
If to his steps compar'd, we tardy find
The Grecian racers, who out-strip the wind,
Fleet to the glowing race behold him start !
His quick'ning eyes a quiv'ring radiance dart,
And, while this last nocturnal flag is furled,
Swift into life and motion look the world.
The sun-flow'r now averts her blooming cheek
From west, to view his eastern lustre break.
What gay, creative pow'r his presence brings ?
Hills, lawns, lakes, villages !—the face of things,

All night beneath successive shadows mis'd,
Instant begins in colours to exist :
But absent these from sons of riot keep,
Lost in impure, unmeditating sleep.
T'unlock his fence, the new-ris'n swain prepares,
And ere forth-driv'n recounts his fleecy cares ;
When, lo ! an ambush'd wolf, with hunger bold,
Springs at the prey, and fierce invades the fold !
But by the pastor not in vain defy'd,
Like our arch-foe by some celestial guide.

Spread on yon rock the sea-calf I survey :
Bask'd in the sun, his skin reflects the day.
He sees yon tow'r-like ship the waves divide,
And slips again beneath the glassy tide.

The wat'ry herbs, and shrubs, and vines, and flow'rs,
Rear their bent heads, o'ercharg'd with nightly show'rs.

Hail, glorious sun ! to whose attractive fires,
The waken'd, vegetative life aspires !
The juices, wrought by thy directive force,
Thro' plants and trees perform their genial course,
Extend in root, with bark unyielding bind
The hearted trunk ; or weave the branching rind ;
Expand in leaves, in flow'ry blossoms shoor,
Bleed in rich gums, and swell in ripen'd fruit.
From thee, bright, universal Pow'r ! began
Instinct in brute, and gen'rous love in man.

Talk'd I of love ?—Yon swain, with am'rous air,
Soft swells his pipe, to charm the rural fair.

She milks the flocks, then, list'ning as he plays,
Steals, in the running brook, a conscious gaze.

The trout, that deep, in winter, ooz'd remains,
Up-springs, and sunward turns its crimson stains.

The tenants of the warren, vainly chas'd ;
Now lur'd to ambient fields for green repast,
Seek their small, vaulted labyrinths in vain ;
Entangling nets betray the skipping train ;
Red massacres thro' their republic fly,
And heaps on heaps by ruthless spaniels die.

The fisher, who the lonely beech has stray'd,
And all the live-long night his net-work spread,
Drags in, and bears the loaded snare away ;
Where flounce, deceiv'd, th' expiring finny prey.

Near Neptune's temple, (Neptune's now no more,)
Whose statue plants a trident on the shore,
In sportive rings the gen'rous dolphins wind,
And eye, and think the image human kind :
Dear, pleasing friendship !—See ! the pile commands
The vale, and grim as Superstition stands !
Time's hand there leaves its print of mossy green,
With hollows, carv'd for snakes, and birds obscene.

O, Gibbs, whose art the solemn fane can raise,
Where God delights to dwell, and man to praise ;
When moulder'd thus the column falls away,
Like some great prince majestic in decay ;
When Ignorance and Scorn the ground shall tread,
Where Wisdom tutor'd, and Devotion pray'd ;

Where

Where shall thy pompous work our wonder claim?
What, but the Muse alone, preserve thy name?

The sun shines broken thro' yon arch that rears
This once-round fabric, half-depriv'd by years,
Which rose a stately colonnade, and crown'd
Encircling pillars, now unfaithful found;
In fragments, these the fall of those forbode,
Which, nodding, just up-heave their crumbling load.
High, on yon column, which has batter'd stood,
Like some stripp'd oak, the grandeur of the wood,
The stork inhabits her aërial nest;
By her are liberty and peace carest;
She flies the realms that own despotic kings,
And only spreads o'er free-born states her wings.
The roof is now the daw's, or raven's haunt,
And loathsome toads in the dark entrance pant;
Or snakes, that lurk to snap the heedless fly,
And fated bird, that oft comes flutt'ring by.

An aqueduct across yon vale is laid,
Its channel thro' a ruin'd arch betray'd;
Whirl'd down a steep it flies with torrent-force,
Flashes, and roars, and plows a devious course.

Attracted mists a golden cloud commence,
While thro' high-colour'd air strike rays intense.
Betwixt two points, which yon steep mountains show,
Lies a mild bay, to which kind breezes flow.
Beneath a grotto, arch'd for calm retreat,
Leads length'ning in the rock—Be this my feat.

Heat never enters here ; but coolness reigns
 O'er zephyrs, and distilling, wat'ry veins.
 Secluded now I trace th' instructive page,
 And live o'er scenes of many a backward age ;
 Thro' days, months, years, thro' time's whole course
 I run,
 And present stand where time itself begun.

Ye mighty Dead, of just, distinguish'd fame,
 Your thoughts, (ye bright instructors !) here I claim.
 Here ancient knowledge opens nature's springs ;
 Here trut' s historic give the hearts of kings ;
 Hence Contemplation learns white hours to find,
 And labours virtue on th' attentive mind :
 O lov'd retreat ! thy joys content bestow,
 Nor guilt nor shame, nor sharp repentance know.
 What the fifth Charles long aim'd in power to see,
 That happiness he found reserv'd in thee.

Now let me change the page—Here Tully weeps,
 While in death's icy arms his Tullia sleeps,
 His daughter dear !—Retir'd I see him mourn,
 By all the frenzy now of anguish torn.
 Wild his complaint ! Nor sweeter sorrows strains,
 When Singer for Alexis lost complains.
 Each friend condole, expostulates, reproves ;
 More than a father raving Tully loves ;
 Or Sallust censures thus !—Unheeding blame,
 He schemes a temple to his Tullia's name.

Thus

'Thus o'er my Hermit once did grief prevail,
Thus rose Olympia's tomb, his moving tale,
The sighs, tears, frantic starts, that banish rest,
And all the bursting sorrows of his breast.

But hark ! a sudden pow'r attunes the air !
Th' enchanting sound enamour'd breezes bear ;
Now low, now high, they sink, or lift the song,
Which the cave echoes sweet, and sweet the creeks pro-
long.

I listen'd, gaz'd, when, wond'rous to behold !
From ocean steam'd a vapour gath'ring roll'd :
A blue, round spot on the mid-roof it came,
Spread broad, and redden'd into dazzling flame.
Full-orb'd it shone, and dimm'd the swimming light,
While doubling objects danc'd with darkling light.
Amaz'd I stood !—amaz'd I still remain !
What earthly pow'r this wonder can explain ;
Gradual, at length, the lustre dies away :
My eyes restor'd, a mortal form survey.
My Hermit-friend ! 'Tis he, ← All hail (he cries)
I see, and would alleviate, thy surprize.
The vanish'd meteor, was heaven's message meant,
To warn thee hence : I know the high intent.
Hear then ! in this sequester'd cave retir'd,
Departed saints converse with men inspir'd.
'Tis sacred ground ; nor can thy mind endure,
Yet unprepar'd, an intercourse so pure.

Quick

Quick let us hence — And now extend thy views
 O'er yonder lawn ; there find the heav'n-born Muse !
 Or seek her, where she trusts her tuneful tale
 To the mid, silent wood, or vocal vale ;
 Where trees half check the light with trembling shades,
 Close in deep glooms, or open clear in glades ;
 Or where surrounding vistas far descend,
 The landscape varied at each less'ning end !
 She, only she can mortal thought refine,
 And raise thy voice to visitants divine.

C A N T O V.

WE left the cave. Be Fear (said I) defy'd !
 Virtue (for thou art Virtue) is my guide.
 By time-worn steps a steep ascent we gain,
 Whose summit yields a prospect o'er the plain.
 There, bench'd with turf, an oak our seat extends,
 Whose top, a verdant, branch'd pavilion bends.
 Vistas, with leaves, diversify the scene,
 Some pale, some brown, and some of lively green.
 Now, from the full-grown day a beamy show'r
 Gleams on the lake, and gilds each glossy flow'r.
 Gay insects sparkle in the genial blaze,
 Various as light, and countless as its rays :
 They dance on every stream, and pictur'd play,
 •Till, by the wat'ry racer, snatch'd away.

Now,

Now, from yon range of rocks, strong rays rebound,
 Doubling the day on flow'ry plains around :
 King-cups beneath far-striking colours glance,
 Bright as th' ethereal glows the green expanse.
 Gems of the field !—the topaz charms the sight,
 Like these, effulging yellow streams of light.
 From the same rocks, fall rills with soften'd force,
 Meet in yon mead, and well a river's source.
 Thro' her clear channel, shine her finny shoals,
 O'er sands, like gold, the liquid crystal rolls.
 Dimm'd in yon coarser moor, her charms decay,
 And shape, thro' rustling reeds, a ruffled way.
 Near willows short and bushy shadows throw :
 Now lost, she seems thro' nether tracts to flow ;
 Yet, at yon point, winds out in silver state,
 Like Virtue from a labyrinth of fate.
 In length'ning rows, prone from the mountains, run
 The flocks :—their fleeces glist'ning in the sun ;
 Her streams they seek, and, 'twixt her neighb'ring trees,
 Recline in various attitudes of ease.
 Where the herds sip, the little scaly fry,
 Swift from the shore, in scatt'ring myriads fly.
 Each liv'ry'd cloud, that round th' horizon glows,
 Shifts in odd scenes, like earth, from whence it rose.
 The bee hums wanton in yon jasmine bow'r,
 And circling fettle, and despoils the flow'r.
 Melodious there the plummy songsters meet,
 And call charm'd Echo from her arch'd retreat.

Neat,

Neat-polish'd mansions rise in prospect gay ;
 Time-batter'd tow'rs frown awful in decay ;
 The sun plays glitt'ring on the rocks and spires,
 And the lawn lightens with reflected fires.

Here Mirth, and Fancy's wanton train advance,
 And to light measures turn the swimming dance.
 Sweet, slow-pac'd Melancholy next appears,
 Pompous in grief, and eloquent of tears.
 Here Meditation shines, in azure dress,
 All-starr'd with gems : a sun adorns her crest.
 Religion, to whose lifted, raptur'd eyes
 Seraphic hosts descend from opening skies ;
 Beauty, who sways the heart, and charms the sight ;
 Whose tongue is music, and whose smile delight ;
 Whose brow is majesty ; whose bosom peace ;
 Who bad creation be, and chaos cease ;
 Whose breath perfumes the spring ; whose eye divine
 Kindled the sun, and gave its light to shine.
 Here, in thy likeness, fair * Ophelia, seen,
 She throws kind lustre o'er th' enliven'd green.
 Next her, Description, robed in various hues,
 Invites attention from the pensive Muse !
 The Muse !—she comes ! refin'd the passions wait,
 And Precept, ever winning, wise, and great.
 The Muse ! a thousand spirits wing the air :
 (Once men, who made, like her, mankind their care)
 Inamour'd round her press th' inspiring throng,
 And swell to ecstasy her solemn song.

* Mrs. Oldfield.

Thus

Thus in the dame each nobler grace we find,
Fair Wortley's angel-accent, eyes, and mind.
Whether her sight the dew-bright dawn surveys,
The noon's dry heat, or evening's temper'd rays,
The hours of storm, or calm, the gleby ground,
The coral'd sea, gem'd rock, or sky profound,
A Raphael's fancy animates each line,
Each image strikes with energy divine;
Bacon, and Newton in her thought conspire;
Not sweeter than her voice is Handel's lyre.

My hermit thus. She beckons us away:
Oh, let us swift the high behest obey!

Now thro' a lane, which mingling tracts have cross'd,
The way unequal, and the landscape lost,
We rove. The warblers lively tunes essay,
The lark on wing, the linnet on the spray,
While music trembles in their songful throats,
The bullfinch whistles soft his flute-like notes.
The bolder blackbird swells sonorous lays;
The varying thrush commands a tuneful maze;
Each a wild length of melody pursues;
While the soft-murm'ring, am'rous wood-dove cooes,
And when in spring these melting mixtures flow,
The cuckoo sends her unison of woe.

But as smooth seas are furrow'd by a storm;
As troubles all our tranquil joys deform;
So, loud through air, unwelcome noises sound,
And harmony's at once, in discord, drown'd.

From

From yon dark cypress, croaks the raven's cry ;
As dissonant the daw, jay, chatt'ring pie :
The clam'rous crows abandon'd carnage seek,
And the harsh owl shrills out a sharp'ning shriek.

At the lane's end a high-lath'd gate's prefer'd,
To bar the trespass of a vagrant herd.
Fast by, a meagre mendicant we find,
Whose russet rags hang flutt'ring in the wind :
Years bow his back, a staff supports his tread,
And soft white hairs shade thin his palsy'd head.
Poor wretch !—Is this for charity his haunt ?
He meets the frequent sight, and ruthless taunt.
On slaves of guilt oft smiles the squand'ring peer ;
But passing knows not common bounty here.
Vain thing ! in what dost thou superior shine ?
His our first sire : what race more ancient thine ?
Less backward trac'd, he may his lineage draw
From men whose influence kept the world in awe :
Whose worthless sons, like thee, perchance consum'd
Their ample store, their line to want was doom'd.
So thine may perish, by the course of things,
While his, from beggars re-ascend to kings.
Now lazar, as thy hardships I peruse,
On my own state instructed would I muse.
When I view greatness, I my lot lament,
Compar'd to thee, I snatch supreme content.
I might have felt, did heav'n not gracious deal,
A fate, which I must mourn to see thee feel.

But

But soft ! the cripple our approach descries,
And to the gate, tho' weak, officious hies.
I spring preventive, and unbar the way,
Then, turning, with a smile of pity, say,
Here, friend !—this little copper alms receive,
Instance of will, without the pow'r to give.
Hermit, if here with pity we reflect,
How must we grieve, 'when learning meets neglect ?
When god-like souls endure a mean restraint ;
When gen'rous will is curb'd by tyrant want ?
He truly feels what to distress belongs,
Who, to his private, adds a people's wrongs ;
Merit's a mark, at which disgrace is thrown,
And ev'ry injur'd virtue is his own.
Such, their own pangs with patience here endure,
Yet there weep wounds, they are denied to cure,
Thus rich in poverty, thus humbly great,
And tho' depress'd, superior to their fate.
Minions in pow'r, and misers, 'mid their store,
Are mean in greatness, and in plenty poor.
What's pow'r, or wealth ? Were they not form'd for aid,
A spring for virtue, and from wrongs a shade ?
In pow'r we savage tyranny behold,
And wily av'rice owns polluted gold.
From golden sands her pride could Lybia raise,
Could she, who spreads no pasture, claim our praise ?
Loath'd were her wealth, where rabid monsters breed ;
Where serpents, pamper'd on her venom, feed,

No sheltry trees invite the Wand'rer's eye,
No fruits, no grain, no gums, her tracts supply ;
On her vast wilds, no lovely prospects run ;
But all lies barren, tho' beneath the sun.

My Hermit thus. I know thy soul believes,
'Tis hard vice triumphs, and that virtue grieves ;
Yet oft affliction purifies the mind,
Kind benefits oft flow from means unkind.
Were the whole known, that we uncouth suppose,
Doubtless, would beauteous symmetry disclose.
The naked cliff, that singly rough remains,
In prospect dignifies the fertile plains ;
Lead-colour'd clouds, in scatt'ring fragments seen,
Shew, tho' in broken views, the blue serene.
Severe distresses industry inspire ;
Thus captives oft excelling arts acquire,
And boldly struggle thro' a state of shame,
To life, ease, plenty, liberty, and fame.
Sword-law has often Europe's balance gain'd,
And one red vict'ry years of peace maintain'd.
We pass thro' want to wealth, thro' dismal strife
To calm content, thro' death to endless life.
Lybia thou nam'st—Let Afric's wastes appear
Curst by those heats, that fructify the year ;
Yet the same suns her orange-groves befriend,
Where clust'ring globes in shining rows depend.
Here when fierce beams o'er with'ring plants are roll'd,
There the green fruit seems ripen'd into gold.

Ev'n

Ev'n scenes that strike with terrible surprize,
Still prove a God, just, merciful, and wise.
Sad wint'ry blasts, that strip the autumn, bring
The milder beauties of a flow'ry spring.
Ye sulph'rous fires in jaggy lightnings break !
Ye thunders rattle, and ye nations shake !
Ye storms of riving flame the forest tear !
Deep crack the rocks ! rent trees be whirl'd in air !
Rest at a stroke, some stately fane we'll mourn ;
Her tombs wide-shatter'd, and her dead up-torn :
Were noxious spirits not from caverns drawn,
Rack'd earth would soon in gulfs enormous yawn :
Then all were lost !—Or should we floating view
The baleful cloud, there would destruction brew ;
Plague, fever, frenzy, close-engend'ring lie,
'Till these red ruptures clear the sullied sky,
Now a field opens to enlarge my thought,
In parcell'd tracts to various uses wrought.
Here hard'ning ripeness the first blooms behold,
There the last blossoms spring-like pride unfold.
Here swelling peas on leafy stalks are seen,
Mix'd flow'rs of red and azure shine between ;
Whose waving beauties, heighten'd by the sun,
In colour'd lanes along the furrows run.
There the next produce of a genial show'r,
The bean fresh-blossoms in a speckled flow'r ;
Whose morning dew, when to the sun resign'd,
With undulating sweets embalm the wind.

E

Now

Now daisy plats of clover square the plain,
And part the bearded from the beardless grain.
There fib'rous flax with verdure binds the field,
Which on the loom shall art-spun labours yield.
The mulb'ry, in fair summer-green array'd,
Full in the midst starts up, a silky shade.
For human taste the rich-stain'd fruitage bleeds ;
The leaf the silk-emitting reptile feeds.
As swans their down, as flocks their fleeces leave,
Here worms for man their glossy entrails weave.
Hence to adorn the fair, in texture gay,
Sprigs, fruits, and flow'rs on figur'd vestments play :
But Industry prepares them oft to please
The guilty pride of vain, luxuriant ease.

Now frequent, dusty gales offensive blow,
And o'er my sight a transient blindness throw.
Windward we shift, near down th' etherial sleep,
The lamp of day hangs hov'ring o'er the deep.
Dun shades, in rocky shapes, up ether roll'd,
Project long, shaggy points, deep ting'd with gold.
Others take faint th' unripen'd cherry's dye,
And paint amusing landscapes on the eye.
There blue-veil'd yellow, thro' a sky serene,
In swelling mixture forms a floating green.
Streak'd thro' white clouds a mild vermilion shines,
And the breeze freshens, as the heat declines.

Yon crooked, funny roads change rising views
From brown, to sandy-red, and chalky hues.

One mingled scene another quick succeeds,
Men, chariots, teams, yok'd steers, and prancing steeds,
Which climb, descend, and, as loud whips resound,
Stretch, sweat, and smoke along unequal ground.
On winding Thames reflecting radiant beams,
When boats, ships, barges mark the roughen'd streams,
This way, and that, they diff'rent points pursue ;
So mix the motions, and so shifts the view,
While thus we throw around our gladden'd eyes,
The gifts of heav'n in gay profusion rise ;
Trees rich with gums, and fruits, with jewels rocks ;
Plains with flow'rs, herbs, and plants, and beeves, and
flocks ;
Mountains with mines ; with oak, and cedar, woods ;
Quarries with marble, and with fish the floods.
In dark'ning spots, mid fields of various dyes,
Tilth new manur'd, or naked fallow lies.
Near uplands fertile pride enclos'd display,
The green grass yellowing into scentful hay,
And thick-set hedges fence the full-ear'd corn,
And berries blacken on the virid thorn.
Mark in yon heath oppos'd the cultur'd scene,
Wild thyme, pale box, and firs of darker green.
The native strawberry red-ripening grows,
By nettles guarded, as by thorns the rose.
There nightingales in unprun'd copses build,
In shaggy furzes lies the hare conceal'd.

'Twixt ferns and thistles, unsown flow'rs amuse,
 And form a lucid chase of various hues ;
 Many half-grey with dust : confus'd they lie,
 Scent the rich year, and lead the wand'ring eye.

Contemplative, we tread the flow'ry plain,
 The Muse preceding with her heav'nly train.
 When, lo ! the mendicant, so late behind,
 Strange view ! now journeying in our front we find !
 And yet a view, more strange, our heed demands ;
 Touch'd by the Muse's wand transform'd he stands,
 O'er skin late wrinkled, instant beauty spreads ;
 The late-dimm'd eye, a vivid lustre sheds ;
 Hairs, once so thin, now graceful locks decline ;
 And rags now chang'd, in regal vestments shine.

The Hermit thus. In him the BARD behold,
 Once seen by midnight's lamp in winter's cold ;
 The BARD, whose want so multiplied his woes,
 He sunk a mortal, and a seraph rose.
 See !—Where those stately yew-trees darkling grow,
 And, waving o'er yon groves, brown horrors throw,
 Scornful he points—there, o'er his sacred dust,
 Arise the sculptur'd tomb, and labour'd bust.
 Vain pomp ! bestow'd by ostentatious pride,
 Who to a life of want relief deny'd.

But thus the BARD. Are these the gifts of state ?
 Gifts unreceiv'd !—These ? Ye ungen'rous great !
 How was I treated when in life forlorn ?
 My claim your pity ; but my lot your scorn.

Why

Why were my studious hours oppos'd by need ?
In me did poverty from guilt proceed ?
Did I contemporary authors wrong,
And deem their worth, but as they priz'd my song ?
Did I sooth vice, or venal strokes betray
In the low-purpos'd, loud polemic fray ?
Did e'er my verse immodest warmth contain,
Or, once licentious, heav'nly truths profane ?
Never—And yet when envy sunk my name,
Who call'd my shadow'd merit into fame ?
When, undeserv'd, a prison's grate I saw,
What hand redeem'd me from the wrested law ?
Who cloath'd me naked, or when hungry fed ?
Why crush'd the living ? Why extoll'd the dead ?—
But foreign languages adopt my lays,
And distant nations shame you into praise.
Why should unrelish'd wit these honours cause ?
Custom, not knowledge, dictates your applause :
Or think you thus a self-renown to raise,
And mingle your vain-glories with my bays ?
Be yours the mould'ring tomb ! Be mine the lay
Immortal !—Thus he scoffs the pomp away.

Tho' words like these unletter'd pride impeach,
To the meek heart he turns with milder speech.
Tho' now a seraph, oft he deigns to wear
The face of human friendship, oft of care ;
To walk disguis'd an object of relief,
A learn'd, good man, long exercis'd in grief ;

Forlorn, a friendless orphan oft to roam,
Craving some kind, some hospitable home ;
Or, like Ulysses, a low lazar stand ;
Beseeching Pity's eye and Bounty's hand ;
Or, like Ulysses, royal aid request,
Wand'ring, from court to court, a king distressed.
Thus varying shapes, the seeming son of woe
Eyes the cold heart, and hearts that gen'rous glow ;
Then to the Muse relates each 'ordly name,
Who deals impartial infamy, and fame.
Oft, as when man, in mortal state depress'd,
His lays taught virtue, which his life confess'd,
He now forms visionary scenes below,
Inspiring patience in the heart of woe ;
Patience that softens every sad extreme,
That casts thro' dungeon-glooms a chearful gleam,
Disarms disease of pain, mocks slander's sting,
And strips of terrors the terrific king,
'Gainst Want, a sorer foe, its succour lends,
And smiling sees th' ingratitude of friends.

Nor are these tasks to him alone consign'd,
Millions invisible befriend mankind.
When wat'ry structures, seen cross heav'n t'ascend,
Arch above arch in radiant order bend,
Fancy beholds adown each glitt'ring side,
Myriads of missionary seraphs glide :
She sees good angels genial show'rs bestow
From the red convex of the dewy bow.

They

They smile upon the swain : He views the prize ;
Then grateful bends, to bless the bounteous skies.
Some winds collect, and send propitious gales
Oft where Britannia's navy spreads her sails ;
There ever wafting, on the breath of fame,
Unequal'd glory in her sovereign's name.
Some teach young zephyrs vernal sweets to bear.
And float the balmy health on ambient air ;
Zephyrs, that oft, where lovers list'ning lie,
Along the grove, in melting music die,
And in lone caves to minds poetic roll
Seraphic whispers, that abstract the soul.
Some range the colours, as they parted fly,
Clear-pointed to the philosophic eye ;
The flaming red, that pains the dwelling gaze ;
The stainless, lightsome yellow's gilding rays ;
The clouded orange, that betwixt them glows,
And to kind mixture tawny lustre owes ;
All-cheering-green, that gives the spring its dye ;
The bright, transparent blue, that robes the sky ;
And indico, which shaded light displays ;
And violet, which in the view decays.
Parental hues, whence others all proceed ;
An ever-mingling, changeful, countless breed ;
Unravel'd, variegated, lines of light,
When blended, dazzling in promiscuous white.
Oft thro' these bows departed spirits range,
New to the skies, admiring at their change ;

Each mind a void, as when first born to earth,
Beheld a second blank in second birth ;
Then, as yon seraph-bard fram'd hearts below,
Each sees him here transcendent knowledge show,
New saints he tutors into truth refin'd,
And tunes to rapt'rous love the new-form'd mind.
He swells the lyre, whose loud, melodious lays
Call high Hosannah's from the voice of praise ;
Tho' one bad age such poesy cou'd wrong,
Now worlds around retentive roll the song :
Now God's high throne the full-voic'd raptures gain,
Celestial hosts returning strain for strain.
Thus he, who once knew want without relief,
Sees joys resulting from well-suff'ring grief.
Hark ! while we talk, a distant, patt'ring rain
Resounds !—See ! up the broad etherial plain
Shoots the bright bow !—The seraph flits away ;
The Muse, the Graces from our view decay.

Behind yon western hill the globe of light
Drops sudden, fast-pursued by shades of night.

Yon graves from winter-scenes to mind recall
Rebellion's council, and rebellion's fall.
What fiends in sulph'rous, car-like clouds up-flew ;
What midnight treason glar'd beneath their view ?
And now the traitors rear their Babel-schemes,
Big, and more big, stupendous mischief seems ;
But Justice, rous'd, superior strength employs,
Their scheme wide shatters, and their hope destroys.

Discord

Discord she wills ; the missile ruin flies ;
 Sudden, unnatural debates arise,
 Doubt, mutual jealousy, and dumb disgust,
 Dark-hinted mutt'rings, and avow'd distrust ;
 To secret ferment is each heart resign'd ;
 Suspicion hovers in each clouded mind ;
 They jar, accus'd, accuse ; revil'd, revile ;
 And wrath to wrath oppose, and guile to guile ;
 Wrangling they part, themselves themselves betray ;
 Each dire device starts naked into day ;
 They feel confusion in the van with fear ;
 They feel the king of terrors in the rear.

Of these were three by diff'rent motives fir'd,
 Ambition one, and one revenge inspir'd.
 The third, O Mammon, was thy meaner slave ;
 Thou idol seldom of the great and brave.

Florio, whose life was one continu'd feast,
 His wealth diminish'd, and his debts increas'd,
 Vain pomp, and equipage, his low desires,
 Who ne'er to intellectual bliss aspires ;
 He, to repair by vice what vice has broke,
 Durst with bold treasons judgment's rod provoke.
 His strength of mind, by lux'ry half dissolv'd,
 Ill brooks the woe, where deep he stands involv'd.
 He weeps, stamps wild, and to and fro now flies ;
 Now wrings his hands, and sends unmanly cries,
 Arraigns his judge, affirms unjust he bleeds,
 And now recants, and now for mercy pleads ;

Now

Now blames associates, raves with inward strife,
Upbraids himself; then thinks alone on life.
He rolls red-swelling tearful eyes around,
Sore smites his breast, and sinks upon the ground.
He wails, he quite desponds, convulsive lies,
Shrinks from the fancy'd axe, and thinks he dies:
Revives, with hope enquires, stops short with fear,
Entreats ev'n flattery, nor the worst will hear;
The worst alas, his doom!—What friend replies;
Each speaks with shaking head, and down-cast eyes.
One silence breaks, then pauses, drops a tear;
Nor hope affords, nor quite confirms his fear;
But what kind friendship part reserves unknown
Comes thund'ring in his keeper's surly tone.
Enough, struck thro' and thro', in ghastly stare,
He stands transfix'd, the statue of despair;
Nor ought of life, nor ought of death he knows,
Till thought returns, and brings return of woes:
Now pours a storm of grief in gushing streams:
That past—Collected in himself he seems,
And with forc'd smiles retires—His latent thought
Dark, horrid, as the prison's dismal vault.

If with himself at variance ever-wild,
With angry heav'n how stands he reconcil'd?
No penitential orisons arise;
Nay, he obtests the justice of the skies.
Not for his guilt, for sentenc'd life he moans;
His chains rough-clanking to discordant groans,

To

To bars harsh-grating, heavy-creaking doors,
Hoarse-echoing walls, and hollow-ringing floors,
To thoughts more dissonant, far, far less kind,
One anarchy, one chaos of the mind.

At length, fatigu'd with grief, on earth he lies :
But soon as sleep weighs down th' unwilling eyes,
Glad liberty appears, no damps annoy,
Treason succeeds, and all transforms to joy.
Proud palaces their glitt'ring stores display ;
Gain he pursues, and rapine leads the way.
What gold? What gems?—He strains to seize the prize ;
Quick from his touch dissolv'd, a cloud it flies.
Conscious he cries—And must I wake to weep ?
Ah, yet return, return, delusive Sleep !
Sleep comes ; but liberty no more :—Unkind,
The dungeon-glooms hang heavy on his mind.
Shrill winds are heard, and howling dæmons call ;
Wide flying portals seem unhing'd to fall ;
Then close with sudden claps ; a dreadful din !
He starts, wakes, storms, and all is hell within.

His genius flies—reflects he now on prayer ?
Alas ! bad spirits turn those thoughts to air.
What shall he next ? What, straight relinquish breath,
To bar a public, just, tho' shameful death ?
Rash, horrid thought ! yet now afraid to live,
Murd'rous he strikes—May heav'n the deed forgive !

Why had he thus false spirit to rebel !
And why not fortitude to suffer well ?

Were

Were his success, how terrible the blow ?
And it recoils on him eternal woe.
Heav'n this affliction then for mercy meant,
That a good end might close a life mispent.

Where no kind lips the hallow'd dirge resound,
Far from the compass of yon sacred ground ;
Full in the center of three meeting ways,
Stak'd thro' he lies—Warn'd let the wicked gaze.

Near yonder fane, where mis'ry sleeps in peace,
Whose spire fast-lessons, as the shades increase,
Left to the north, whence oft brew'd tempests roll,
Tempests, dire emblems, Cosmo, of thy foul !
There mark that Cosmo, much for guile renown'd !
His grave by unbid plants of poison crown'd.
When out of pow'r thro' him the public good,
So strong his factious tribe, suspended stood.
In pow'r, vindictive actions were his aim,
And patriots perish'd by th' ungenerous flame.
If the best cause he in the senate chose,
Ev'n right in him, from some wrong motive rose.
The bad he loth'd, and would the weak despise ;
Yet courted for dark ends, and shun'd the wise.
When ill his purpose, eloquent his strain ;
His malice had a look and voice humane.
His smile, the signal of some vile intent,
A private poniard, or empoison'd scent ;
Proud, yet to popular applause a slave ;
No friend he honour'd, and no foe forgave.

His

His boons unfrequent, or unjust to need ;
The hire of guilt, of infamy the meed :
But if they chanc'd on learned worth to fall,
Bounty in him was ostentation all.
No true benevolence his thought sublimes,
His noblest actions are illustrious crimes.
Fine parts, which virtue might have rank'd with fame,
Enhance his guilt, and magnify his shame.
When parts and probity in man combine,
In wisdom's eye, how charming must he shine ?
Let him, less happy, truth at least impart,
And what he wants in genius bear in heart.

Cosmo, as death draws nigh, no more conceals
That storm of passion, which his nature feels :
He feels much fear, more anger, and most pride ;
But pride and anger make all fear subside,
Dauntless he meets at length untimely fate ;
A desp'rate spirit ! rather fierce than great.
Darkling he glides along the dreary coast,
A sullen, wand'ring, self-tormenting ghost.

Where veiny marble dignifies the ground,
With emblem fair in sculpture rising round,
Just where a crossing, length'ning aisle we find,
Full east ; whence God returns to judge mankind,
Once-lov'd Horatio sleeps, a mind elate !
Lamented shade, ambition was thy fate.
Ev'n angels, wond'ring, oft his worth survey'd ;
Behold a man, like one of us ! they said.

Straight

Straight heard the furies, and with envy glar'd,
And to precipitate his fall prepar'd.
First Av'rice came. In vain Self-love she press'd;
The poor he pity'd still, and still redress'd:
Learning was his, and knowledge to commend,
Of arts a patron, and of want a friend.
Next came Revenge: but her essay how vain!
Not hate, nor envy, in his heart remain.
No previous malice could his mind engage,
Malice, the mother of vindictive rage.
No—from his life his foes might learn to live;
He held it still a triumph to forgive.
At length Ambition urg'd his country's weal,
Assuming the fair look of Public Zeal;
Still in his breast so gen'rous glow'd the flame,
The vice, when there, a virtue half became.
His pitying eye saw millions in distress,
He deem'd it god-like to have pow'r to bless:
Thus, when unguarded, Treason stain'd him o'er,
And Virtue, and Content were then no more.

But when to death by rig'rous justice doom'd,
His genuine spirits faint-like state resum'd,
Oft from soft penitence distill'd a tear;
Oft hope in heav'nly mercy lighten'd fear;
Oft wou'd a drop from struggling nature fall,
And then a smile of patience brighten all.

He seeks in heav'n a friend, nor seeks in vain:
His guardian angel swift descends again;

And

And resolution thus bespeaks a mind,
Not scorning life, yet all to death resign'd;
—Ye chains, fit only to restrain the will
Of common, desp'rate veterans in ill,
Tho' rankling on my limbs ye lie, declare,
Did e'er my rising soul your pressure wear?
No!—free as liberty, and quick as light,
To worlds remote she takes unbounded flight.
Ye dungeon-glooms, that dim corporeal eyes,
Cou'd ye once blot her prospect of the skies?
No!—from her clearer sight, ye fled away,
Like error, pierc'd by truth's resistless ray.
Ye walls, that witness my repentant moan!
Ye echoes, that to midnight sorrows groan!
Do I, in wrath, to you of fate complain?
Or once betray fear's most inglorious pain?
No!—Hail, twice hail then ignominious death!
Behold how willing glides my parting breath!
Far greater, better far,—ay, far indeed!
Like me, have suffer'd, and like me will bleed.
Apostles, patriarchs, prophets, martyrs all,
Like me once fell, nor murmur'd at their fall.
Shall I, whose days, at best, no ill design'd,
Whose virtue shone not, tho' I lov'd mankind,
Shall I, now guilty wretch, shall I repine?
Ah, no! to justice let me life resign!
Quick, as a friend, would I embrace my foe!
He taught me patience, who first taught me woe;

But friends are foes, they render woe severe,
For me they wail, from me extort the tear.
Not those, yet absent, missive griefs controul;
These periods weep, those rave, and these condole.
At entrance shrieks a friend, with pale surprize;
Another panting, prostrate, speechless lies?
One gripes my hand, one sobs upon my breast!
Ah, who can bear?—It shocks, it murders rest!
And is it yours, alas! my friends to feel?
And is it mine to comfort, mine to heal?
Is mine the patience, yours the bosom-strife?
Ah! would rash love lure back my thoughts to life?
Adieu, dear, dang'rous mourners! swift depart!
Ah, fly me! fly—I tear you from my heart.

Ye faints, whom fears of death could ne'er controul,
In my last hour compose, support my soul!
See my blood wash repented sin away!
Receive, receive me to eternal day!

With words like these the destin'd hero dies,
While angels waft his soul to happier skies.

Distinction now gives way; yet on we talk,
Full darkness deep'ning o'er the formless walk.
Night treads not with light step the dewy gale,
Nor bright-distends her star-embroider'd veil;
Her leaden feet, inclement damps distil,
Clouds shut her face, black winds her vesture fill;
An earth-born meteor lights the fable skies,
Eastward it shoots, and, sunk, forgotten dies.

So

So pride, that rose from dust to guilty pow'r,
Glares out in vain ; so dust shall pride devour.

Fishers, who yonder brink by torches gain,
With toothful tridents strike the scaly train.
Like snakes in eagles' claws, in vain they strive,
When heav'd aloft, and quiv'ring yet alive.

While here, methought, our time in converse pass'd,
The moon clouds muffled, and the night wore fast.
At prowling wolves was heard the mastiff's bay,
And the warn'd master's arms forbad the prey.
Thus treason steals, the patriot thus descries,
Forth springs the monarch, and the mischief flies.

Pale glow-worms glimmer'd thro' the depth of night,
Scatt'ring, like hope thro' fear, a doubtful light.
Lone Philomela tun'd the silent grove,
With pensive pleasure listen'd wakeful Love.
Half-dreaming Fancy form'd an angel's tongue,
And Pain forgot to groan, so sweet she sung.
The Night-crone, with the melody alarm'd,
Now paus'd, now listen'd, and awhile was charm'd !
But like the man, whose frequent-stubborn will
Resists what kind, seraphic sounds instill,
Her heart the love-inspiring voice repell'd,
Her breast with agitating mischief swell'd ;
Which clos'd her ear, and tempted to destroy
The tuneful life, that charms with virtuous joy.

Now fast we measure back the trackless way ;
No friendly stars directive beams display.

F

But

But lo!—a thousand lights shoot instant rays;
Yon kindling rock reflects the startling blaze.
I stand astonish'd—thus the hermit cries:
Fear not, but listen with enlarg'd surprize!
Still must these hours our mutual converse claim,
And cease to echo still Olympia's name;
Grotts, riv'lets, groves, Olympia's name forget,
Olympia now no sighing winds repeat.
Can I be mortal, and those hours no more,
Those am'rous hours, that plaintive echoes bore?
Am I the same? Ah, no!—Behold a mind,
Unruffled, firm, exalted, and refin'd!
Late months, that made the vernal season gay,
Saw my health languish off in pale decay.
No racking pain yet gave disease a date;
No sad, presageful thought preluded fate:
Yet number'd were my days—My destin'd end
Near, and more near—Nay, ev'ry fear suspend!
I pass'd a weary, ling'ring, sleepless night;
Then rose, to walk in morning's earliest light:
But few my steps—a faint, and cheerless few!
Refreshment from my flagging spirits flew.
When, low, retir'd beneath a cypress shade,
My limbs upon a flow'ry bank I laid,
Soon by soft-creeping, murm'ring winds compos'd,
A slumber press'd my languid eyes—They clos'd:
But clos'd not long—Methought Olympia spoke;
Thrice loud she call'd, and thrice the slumber broke.
I wak'd.

I wak'd. Forth gliding from a neighb'ring wood,
Full in my view the shad'wy charmer stood.
Rapt'rous I started up to clasp the shade ;
But stagger'd, fell, and found my vitals fade :
A mantling chilnefs o'er my bosom spread,
As if that instant number'd with the dead.
Her voice now sent a far, imperfect sound,
When in a swimming trance my pangs were drown'd.
Still farther off she call'd—With soft surprize
I turn'd—but void of strength, and aid to rise ;
Short, shorter, shorter yet my breath I drew :
Then up my struggling soul unburthen'd flew.
Thus from a state, where sin, and grief abide,
Heav'n summon'd me to mercy—thus I died.

He said. Th' astonishment with which I start,
Like bolted ice runs shiv'ring thro' my heart.
Art thou not mortal then ? (I cried) But lo !
His raiment lightens, and his features glow !
In shady ringlets falls a length of hair ;
Embloom'd his aspect shines, enlarg'd his air.
Mild from his eyes enliv'ning glories beam ;
Mild on his brow fits majesty supreme.
Bright plumes of ev'ry dye, that round him flow,
Vest, robe, and wings, in vary'd lustre show.
He looks, and forward steps with mien divine ;
A grace celestial gives him all to shine.
He speaks—Nature is ravish'd at the sound,
The forests move, and streams stand list'ning round !

Thus he. As incorruption I assum'd,
As instant in immortal youth I bloom'd !
Renew'd, and chang'd, I felt my vital springs,
With diff'rent lights discern'd the form of things ;
To earth my passions fell like mists away,
And reason open'd in eternal day.
Swifter than thought from world to world I flew,
Celestial knowledge shone in ev'ry view.
My food was truth—what transport could I miss ?
My prospect, all infinitude of blifs.
Olympia met me first, and, smiling gay,
Onward to mercy led the shining way ;
As far transcendent to her wonted air,
As her dear wonted self to many a fair !
In voice and form, beauty more beauteous flows,
And harmony still more harmonious grows.
She points out souls, who taught me friendship's charms,
They gaze, they glow, they spring into my arms !
Well pleas'd, high ancestors my view command ;
Patrons, and patriots all ; a glorious band !
Horatio too, by well-born fate refin'd,
Shone out white-rob'd with saints, a spotless mind !
What once, below, ambition made him miss,
Humility here gain'd, a life of blifs !
Tho' late, let sinners then from sin depart !
Heav'n never yet despis'd the contrite heart.
Last shone, with sweet, exalted lustre grac'd,
The SERAPH-BARD, in highest order plac'd !

Seers, lovers, legislators, prelates, kings,
 All raptur'd listen, as he raptur'd sings.
 Sweetness and strength his look and lays employ,
 Greet smiles with smiles, and ev'ry joy with joy :
 Charmful he rose ; his ever-charmful tongue
 Joy to our second hymeneals sung ;
 Still, as we pass'd, the bright, celestial throng
 Hail'd us in social love, and heav'nly song.

Of that no more ! my deathless friendship see !
 I come an angel to the Muse and thee.
 These lights, that vibrate, and promiscuous shine,
 Are emanations all of forms divine.
 And here the Muse, tho' melted from thy gaze,
 Stands among spirits, mingling rays with rays.
 If thou wou'dst peace attain, my words attend,
 The last, fond words of thy departed friend !
 True joy's a seraph, that to heav'n aspires,
 Unhurt it triumphs, mid' celestial choirs.
 But shou'd no cares a mortal state molest,
 Life were a state of ignorance at best.

Know then, if ills oblige thee to retire,
 Those ills solemnity of thought inspire.
 Did not the soul abroad for objects roam,
 Whence could she learn to call ideas home ?
 Justly to know thyself, peruse mankind ;
 To know thy God, paint nature on thy mind :
 Without such science of the worldly scene,
 What is retirement ?—empty pride or spleen :

But with it—wisdom. There shall cares refine,
Render'd by contemplation half-divine.
Trust not the frantic, or mysterious guide,
Nor stoop a captive to the schoolman's pride.
On nature's wonders fix alone thy zeal !
They dim not reason, when they truth reveal :
So shall religion in thy heart endure,
From all traditionary falsehood pure ;
So life make death familiar to thy eye,
So shalt thou live, as thou may'st learn to die ;
And, tho' thou view'st thy worst oppressor thrive,
From transient woe immortal bliss derive.
Farewel—Nay, stop the parting tear !—I go !
But leave the Muse thy comforter below.
He said. Instant his pinions upward soar,
He less'ning as they rise, till seen no more.

While Contemplation weigh'd the mystic view,
The lights all vanish'd, and the vision flew.

THE
B A S T A R D:
A
P O E M.

INSCRIBED, WITH ALL DUE REVERENCE, TO

M R S. B R E T T,
ONCE COUNTESS OF MACCLESFIELD.

Decet hæc dare dona Novercam.

Ov. Met.

B. A. S. T. A. R. D.

P. O. M.

M. R. S. T. E. T.

ONE COUNTY OF MASSACHUSETTS

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD ONE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-NINE

P R E F A C E.

THE reader will easily perceive these verses were begun, when my heart was gayer than it has been of late ; and finished in hours of the deepest melancholy.

I hope the world will do me the justice to believe, that no part of this flows from any real anger against the Lady, to whom it is inscribed. Whatever undeserved severities I may have received at her hands, would she deal so candidly as acknowledge truth, she very well knows, by an experience of many years, that I have ever behaved myself towards her, like one who thought it his duty to support with patience all afflictions from that quarter. Indeed, if I had not been capable of forgiving a Mother, I must have blushed to receive pardon myself at the hands of my sovereign.

Neither, to say the truth, were the manner of my birth all, should I have any reason for complaint—When I am a little disposed to a gay turn of thinking, I consider, as I was a Derelict from my cradle, I have honour of a lawful claim to the best protection in Europe. For being a spot of earth, to which nobody pretends a title, I devolve naturally upon the King, as one of the rights of his Royalty.

While

P R E F A C E.

While I presume to name his Majesty, I look back with confusion, upon the mercy I have lately experienced ; because it is impossible to remember it, but with something I would fain forget, for the sake of my future peace, and alleviation of my past misfortune.

I owe my life to the Royal Pity, if a wretch can, with propriety, be said to live, whose days are fewer than his sorrows ; and to whom death had been but a redemption from misery.

But I will suffer my pardon as my punishment, till that life, which has so graciously been given me, shall become considerable enough not to be useless in his service to whom it was forfeited. Under influence of these sentiments, with which His Majesty's great goodness has inspired me, I consider my loss of fortune and dignity as my happiness ; to which, as I am born without ambition, I am thrown from them without repining—Possessing those advantages, my care had been, perhaps, but how to enjoy life ; by the want of them I am taught this nobler lesson, to study how to deserve it.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

THE
BASTARD:
A
POEM.

IN gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,
The muse, exulting, thus her lay began.

Blest be the Bastard's birth ! thro' wond'rous ways,
He shines excentric, like a comet's blaze !
No sickly fruit of faint compliance He !
He ! stamp't in nature's mint of extacy !
He lives to build, not boast a generous race :
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.
His daring hope, no fire's example bounds :
His first-born lights, no prejudice confounds.
He, kindling from within, requires no flame :
He glories in a Bastard's glowing name.

Born to himself, by no possession led,
In freedom foster'd, and by fortune fed,
Nor guides, nor rules, his sov'reign choice controul,
His body independent as his soul ;
Loos'd to the world's wide range—enjoin'd no aim,
Percrib'd no duty, and assign'd no name :
Nature's unbounded son, he stands alone,
His heart unbias'd, and his mind his own.

O Mothers

O Mother, yet no Mother!—'tis to you,
 My thanks for such distinguish'd claims are due.
 You, unenslav'd to Nature's narrow laws,
 Warm championess for freedom's sacred cause,
 From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,
 From ties maternal, moral and divine,
 Discharg'd my grasping soul; push'd me from shore,
 And launch'd me into life without an oar.

What had I lost, if conjugally kind,
 By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd,
 Untaught the matrimonial bounds to flight,
 And coldly conscious of the husband's right,
 You had faint-drawn me with a form alone,
 A lawful lump of life by force your own!
 Then, while your backward will retrench'd desire,
 And unconcurring spirits lent no fire,
 I had been born your dull, domestic heir,
 Load of your life, and motive of your care;
 Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great,
 The slave of pomp, a cypher in the state,
 Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
 And slumb'ring in a seat, by chance my own.

Far nobler blessings wait the Bastard's lot;
 Conceived in rapture, and with fire begot!
 Strong as necessity, he starts away,
 Climbs against wrongs, and brightens into day.

Thus unprophetic, lately misinspir'd,
 I sung: Gay flutt'ring hope, my fancy fir'd;

Inly

Inly secure, thro' conscious scorn of ill,
Nor taught by wisdom, how to balance will,
Rashly deceiv'd, I saw no pits to shun,
But thought to purpose, and to act were one;
Heedless what pointed cares pervert his way,
Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray;
But now expos'd, and shrinking from distress,
I fly to shelter, while the tempests press;
My Muse to grief resigns the varying tone,
The raptures languish, and the numbers groan.

O memory! thou soul of joy and pain!
Thou actor of our passions o'er again!
Why dost thou aggravate the wretch's woe?
Why add continuous smart to every blow?
Few are my joys; alas! how soon forgot!
On that kind quarter thou invad'st me not:
While sharp, and numberless my sorrows fall;
Yet thou repeat'st, and multipli'st 'em all!

Is chance a guilt? that my disastrous heart,
For mischief never meant, must ever smart?
Can self-defence be sin?—Ah, plead no more!
What tho' no purpos'd malice stain'd thee o'er?
Had heav'n befriended thy unhappy side,
Thou had'st not been provok'd—Or thou had'st died.

Far be the guilt of home-shed blood, from all
On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall!
Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
To me! thro' Pity's eye condemn'd to see.

Remembrance

Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate;
 Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late,
 Young, and unthoughtful then; who knows, one day
 What rip'ning virtues might have made their way!
 He might have liv'd, till folly died in shame,
 Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame.
 He might perhaps his country's friend have prov'd;
 Both happy, gen'rous, candid, and lov'd.
 He might have sav'd some worth, now doom'd to fall;
 And I, perchance, in him, have murder'd all.

O fate of late repentance! always vain:
 Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
 Where shall my hope find rest;—No Mother's care
 Shielded my infant innocence with pray'r:
 No Father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
 Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd.
 Is it not thine to snatch some pow'rful arm,
 First to advance, then screen from future harm?
 I am return'd from death, to live in pain!
 Or wou'd Imperial Pity save in vain?
 Distrust it not—What blame can Mercy find,
 Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?

Mother, miscall'd, farewell—of soul severe,
 This sad reflection yet may force one tear:
 All I was wretched by, to you I ow'd,
 Alone from strangers ev'ry comfort flow'd!

Lost to the life you gave, your Son no more,
 And now adopted, who was doom'd before,

New-born, I may a nobler Mother claim,
But dare not whisper her immortal name;
Supremely lovely, and serenely great!
Majestic Mother of a kneeling State!
QUEEN of a People's heart, who ne'er before
Agreed—yet now with one consent adore!
One contest yet remains in this desire,
Who most shall give applause, where all admire.

THE EAST INDIA

New York, I am writing to you
the day after the 1st of January
September 1851, I have just
received the letter of the 1st of
October of a friend, who has
A good copy of a letter, and
One copy of a letter, and
Who will give you a letter.

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V E R S E S

OCCASIONED BY

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY
VISCOUNTESS TYRCONNEL'S
RECOVERY AT BATH.

V E R S E S

COMPOSED BY

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY

VISCOUNTESS TYRCONNELL

RECOVERED AT BATH

V E R S E S

ON THE RECOVERY OF THE

LADY VISCONTESSTY RCONNEL.

WHERE Thames with pride beholds Augusta's
charms,

And either India pours into her arms ;

Where Liberty bids honest arts abound,

And pleasures dance in one eternal round ;

High-thron'd appears the laughter-loving dame,

Goddeſs of mirth, Euphroſynè her name.

Her ſmile more chearful than a vernal morn ;

All life ! all bloom ! of Youth and Fancy born.

Touch'd into joy, what hearts to her ſubmit !

She looks her Sire, and ſpeaks her Mother's wit.

O'er the gay world the ſweet inſpirer reigns ;

Spleen flies, and Elegance her pomp ſuſtains.

Thee, goddeſs ! thee ! the fair and young obey ;

Wealth, Wit, Love, Muſic, all confeſs thy ſway.

In the blaſt wild even Want by thee is bleſs'd,

And pamper'd Pride without thee pines for reſt,

The rich grow richer, while in thee they find

The matchleſs treaſure of a ſmiling mind.

Science by thee flows ſoft in ſocial eaſe,

And Virtue, looſing rigour, learns to pleaſe.

The goddeſs ſummons each illuſtrious name,

Bids the gay talk, and forms th' amuſive game.

She, whose fair throne is fix'd in human souls,
 From joy to joy her eye delighted rolls.
 But where (she cry'd) is she, my fav'rite! she,
 Of all my race, the dearest far to me!
 Whose life's the life of each refin'd delight?
 She said—But no Tyrconnel glads her sight.
 Swift sunk her laughing eyes in languid fear;
 Swift rose the swelling sigh, and trembling tear.
 In kind, low murmurs all the loss deplore;
 Tyrconnel droops, and pleasure is no more.

The goddess, silent, paus'd in museful air;
 But Mirth, like Virtue, cannot long despair.
 Celestial-hinted thoughts gay hope inspir'd,
 Smiling she rose, and all with hope were fir'd.
 Where Bath's ascending turrets meet her eyes;
 Straight wafted on the tepid breeze she flies,
 She flies, her eldest sister Health to find;
 She finds her on the mountain-brow reclin'd.
 Around her birds in earliest consort sing;
 Her cheek the semblance of the kindling spring;
 Fresh-tinctur'd, like a summer-evening sky,
 And a mild sun sits smiling in her eye.
 Loose to the wind her verdant vestments flow;
 Her limbs yet-recent from the springs below;
 There oft she bathes, then peaceful sits secure,
 Where every gale is fragrant, fresh, and pure;
 Where flow'rs and herbs their cordial odours blend,
 And all their balmy virtues fast ascend.

Hail, sister, hail ! (the kindred goddess cries)
 No common suppliant stands before your eyes.
 You, with whose living breath the morn is fraught,
 Flush the fair cheek, and point the chearful thought !
 Strength, vigour, wit, depriv'd of thee, decline !
 Each finer sense, that forms delight, is thine !
 Bright suns by thee diffuse a brighter blaze,
 And the fresh green a fresher green displays !
 Without thee pleasures die, or dully cloy,
 And life with thee, howe'er depress'd, is joy.
 Such thy vast pow'r ;—(the Deity replies)
 Mirth never asks a boon, which health denies.
 Our mingled gifts transcend imperial wealth ;
 Health strengthens Mirth, and Mirth inspirits Health.
 These gales, yon springs, herbs, flow'rs, and sun are
 mine ;

Thine is their smile ! be all their influence thine.

Euphrosynè rejoins—Thy friendship prove !
 See the dear, sickening object of my love !
 Shall that warm heart, so chearful ev'n in pain,
 So form'd to please, unpleas'd itself remain ?
 Sister, in her my smile anew display,
 And all the social world shall bless thy sway.

Swift, as she speaks, Health spreads the purple wing
 Soars in the colour'd clouds, and sheds the spring :
 Now bland and sweet she floats along in air
 Air feels, and soft'ning owns th' ethereal fair !

102 ON THE RECOVERY, &c.

In still descent she melts on opening flow'rs,
 And deep impregnates plants with genial show'rs,
 The genial showers, new-rising to the ray,
 Exhale in roseate clouds, and glad the day.
 Now in a zephyr's borrow'd voice she sings,
 Sweeps the fresh dews, and shakes them from her wings,
 Shakes them embalm'd; or, in a gentle kiss,
 Breathes the sure earnest of awaking bliss.
 Saphira feels it with a soft surprise,
 Glide thro' her veins, and quicken in her eyes!

Instant in her own form the goddess glows,
 Where, bubbling warm, the mineral water flows;
 Then plunging, to the flood new virtue gives;
 Steeps ev'ry charm; and as she bathes, it lives!
 As from her locks she sheds the vital show'r,
 'Tis done! (she cries) these springs possess my pow'r!
 Let these immediate to thy darling roll
 Health, vigour, life, and gay-returning soul.
 Thou smil'st, Euphrosynè; and conscious see,
 Prompt to thy smile, how Nature joys with thee.
 All is green life! all beauty rosy-bright;
 Full Harmony, young Love, and dear Delight!
 See vernal Hours lead circling joys along!
 All fun, all bloom, all fragrance, and all song!

Receive thy care! Now Mirth and Health combine.
 Each heart shall gladden, and each virtue shine.
 Quick to Augusta bear the prize away;
 There let her smile, and bid a world be gay.

A N

AN
EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

STILL let low wits, who sense nor honour prize,
Sneer at all gratitude, all truth disguise;
At living worth, because alive, exclaim,
Insult the exil'd, and the dead defame!
Such paint what pity veils in private woes,
And what we see with grief, with mirth expose;
Studious to urge—(whom will mean authors spare?)
The child's, the parent's, and the consort's tear:
Unconscious of what pangs the heart may rend,
To lose what they have ne'er deserv'd—a friend.
Such, ignorant of facts, invent, relate,
Expos'd persist, and answer'd still debate:
Such, but by foils, the clearest lustre see,
And deem aspersing others praising thee.

Far from these tracks my honest lays aspire,
And greet a gen'rous heart with gen'rous fire.
Truth be my guide! Truth, which thy virtue claims!
This, nor the poet, nor the patron shames!
When party-minds shall lose contracted views,
And hist'ry question the recording Muse;

'Tis this alone to after-times must shine,
And stamp the poet and his theme divine.

Long has my Muse, from many a mournful cause,
Sung with small pow'r, nor sought sublime applause;
From that great point she now shall urge her scope;
On that fair promise rest her future hope;
Where policy, from state-illusion clear,
Can through an open aspect shine sincere;
Where Science, Law, and Liberty depend,
And own the patron, patriot, and the friend;
(That breast to feel, that eye on worth to gaze,
That smile to cherish, and that hand to raise!)
Whose best of hearts her best of thoughts inflame,
Whose joy is bounty, and whose gift is fame.

Where, for relief, flies innocence distress'd?
To you, who chase oppression from th' oppress'd:
Who, when complaint to you alone belongs,
Forgive your own, tho' not a people's wrongs:
Who still make public property your care,
And thence bid private griefs no more despair.

Ask they what state your shelt'ring care shall own?
'Tis youth, 'tis age, the cottage, and the throne:
Nor can the prison 'scape your searching eye,
'You ear still opening to the captive's cry.
Nor less was promis'd from thy early skill,
Ere power enforc'd benevolence of will!
To friends refin'd, thy private life adher'd
By thee improving, ere by thee prefer'd.

Well

Well hadst thou weigh'd what truth such friends afford,
With thee resigning, and with thee restor'd.

Thou taught'st them all extensive love to bear,
And now mankind with thee their friendship share.

As the rich cloud by due degrees expands,
And show'rs down plenty thick on sundry lands,
Thy spreading worth in various bounty fell,
Made genius flourish, and made art excel.

How many, yet deceiv'd, all pow'r oppose ?
Their fears increasing, as decrease their woes ;
Jealous of bondage, while they freedom gain,
And most oblig'd, most eager to complain.

But well we count our blifs, if well we view,
When pow'r oppression, not protection grew ;
View present ills that punish distant climes ;
Or bleed in mem'ry here from ancient times.

Mark first the robe abus'd Religion wore,
Story'd with griefs, and stain'd with human gore ?
What various tortures, engines, fires, reveal,
Study'd, empower'd, and sanctify'd by zeal ?

Stop here, my Muse !—Peculiar woes descry !
Bid 'em in sad succession strike thy eye !
Lo, to her eye the sad succession springs !
She looks, she weeps, and, as she weeps, she sings.

See the doom'd Hebrew of his stores bereft !
See holy murder justify the theft !
His ravag'd gold some useless shrine shall raise,
His gems on superstitious idols blaze

His

His wife, his babe, deny'd their little home,
Strip'd, starv'd, unfriended, and unpity'd roam.

Lo, the priest's hand the Wafer-God supplies!—
A king by consecrated poison dies!

See learning range yon broad ethereal plain,
From world to world, and god-like Science gain!
Ah! what avails the curious search sustain'd,
The finish'd toil, the god-like Science gain'd?
Sentenc'd to flames th' expensive wisdom fell,
And truth from heav'n was forcery from hell.

See Reason bid each mystic wile retire,
Strike out new light! and mark!—the wise admire!
Zeal shall such heresy, like Learning, hate;
The same their glory, and the same their fate.

Lo, from fought mercy, one his life receives!
Life, worse than death, that cruel mercy gives:
The man, perchance, who wealth and honours bore,
Slaves in the mine, or ceaseless strains the oar.
So doom'd are these, and such perhaps, our doom,
Own'd we a Prince, avert it heaven! from Rome.

Nor private worth alone false Zeal assails;
Whole nations bleed when bigotry prevails.
What are sworn friendships? What are kindred ties?
What's faith with heresy? (the zealot cries.)
See, when war sinks the thund'ring cannon's roar;
When wounds, and death, and discord are no more;
When music bids undreading joys advance,
Swell the soft hour, and turn the swimming dance:

When,

When to crown these, the social sparkling bowl
 Lifts the cheer'd sense, and pours out all the soul;
 Sudden he sends red massacre abroad;
 Faithless to man, to prove his faith to God.
 What pure persuasive eloquence denies,
 All-drunk with blood, the arguing sword supplies;
 The sword, which to th' assassin's hand is given!
 Th' assassin's hand!—pronounc'd the hand of heaven!
 Sex bleeds with sex, and infancy with age;
 No rank, no place, no virtue stops his rage.
 Shall sword, and flame, and devastation cease,
 To please with zeal, wild zeal! the God of Peace?

Nor less abuse has scourg'd the civil state,
 When a King's will became a nation's fate.
 Enormous pow'r! Nor noble, nor serene;
 Now fierce and cruel; now but wild and mean.
 See titles sold, to raise th' unjust supply!
 Compell'd the purchase! or be fin'd, or buy!
 No public spirit, guarded well by laws,
 Uncensur'd, censures in his country's cause.
 See from the merchant forc'd th' unwilling loan!
 Who dares deny, or deem his wealth his own?
 Denying, see! where dungeon-damps arise,
 Diseas'd he pines, and unassisted dies.
 Far more than massacre that fate accurst!
 As of all deaths the ling'ring is the worst.

New courts of censure griev'd with new offence,
 Tax'd without power, and fin'd without pretence,
 Explain'd,

Explain'd, at will, each statute's wrested aim,
'Till marks of merit were the marks of shame ;
So monstrous !—Life was the severest grief,
And the worst death seem'd welcome for relief.

In vain the subject sought redress from law,
No senate liv'd the partial judge to awe :
Senates were void, and senators confin'd,
For the great cause of Nature and Mankind ;
Who Kings superior to the people own ;
Yet prove the law superior to the throne.

Who can review, without a gen'rous tear,
A Church, a State, so impious, so severe ;
A land uncultur'd thro' polemic jars,
Rich !—but with carnage from intestine wars ;
The hand of Industry employ'd no more,
And Commerce flying to some safer shore ;
All property reduc'd, to Pow'r a prey,
And Sense and Learning chas'd by Zeal away ?
Who honours not each dear departed ghost,
That strove for Liberty so won, so lost :
So well regain'd when god-like William rose,
And first entail'd the blessing George bestows ?
May Walpole still the growing triumph raise,
And bid these emulate Eliza's days ;
Still serve a Prince, who o'er his people great,
As far transcends in virtue, as in state !

The Muse pursues thee to thy rural seat ;
Ev'n there shall Liberty inspire retreat.

When

When solemn cares in flowing wit are drown'd,
 And sportive chat and social laughs go round :
 Ev'n then, when pausing mirth begins to fail,
 The converse varies to the serious tale.
 The tale pathetic speaks some wretch that owes
 To some deficient law reliefless woes.
 What instant pity warms the gen'rous breast ?
 How all the legislator stands confess'd !
 Now springs the hint ! 'tis now improv'd to thought !
 Now ripe ! and now to public welfare brought !
 New bills, which regulating means bestow,
 Justice preserve, yet soft'ning mercy know :
 Justice shall low vexatious wiles decline,
 And still thrive most, when lawyers most repine.
 Justice from jargon shall refin'd appear,
 To knowledge thro' our native language clear.
 Hence we may learn, no more deceiv'd by law,
 Whence wealth and life their best assurance draw.

The freed Insolvent, with industrious hand,
 Strives yet to satisfy the just demand :
 Thus ruthless men, who wou'd his pow'rs restrain,
 Oft what severity would lose, obtain.

These, and a thousand gifts, thy thought acquires,
 Which Liberty benevolent inspires.
 From Liberty the fruits of law increase,
 Plenty, and joy, and all the arts of peace.
 Abroad the merchant, while the tempests rave,
 Advent'rous sails, nor fears the wind and wave ;

At

At home untir'd we find th' auspicious hand
With flocks, and herds, and harvests, blest the land:
While there, the peasant glads the grateful soil,
Here mark the shipwright, there the mason toil,
Hew, square, and rear magnificent the stone,
And give our oaks a glory not their own!
What life demands, by this obeys her call,
And added elegance consummates all.
Thus stately cities statelier navies rise,
And spread our grandeur under distant skies,
From Liberty each nobler Science sprung,
A Bacon brighten'd, and a Spenser sung:
A Clarke and Locke new tracts of truth explore,
And Newton reaches heights unreach'd before.

What Trade sees Property that wealth maintain,
Which industry no longer dreads to gain;
What tender conscience kneels with fears resign'd,
Enjoys her worship, and avows her mind;
What genius now from want to fortune climbs,
And to safe Science ev'ry thought sublimed;
What Royal Pow'r, from his superior state,
Sees public happiness his own create;
But kens those patriot-souls, to which he owes
Of old each source, whence now each blessing flows?
And if such spirits from their heav'n descend,
And blended flame, to point one glorious end;
Flame from one breast, and thence on Britain shine,
What love what praise, O Walpole, then is thine?

THE

THE PROGRESS
OF A
DIVINE:
A SATIRE.

ALL priests are not the same, be understood !
Priests are, like other folks, some bad, some good.
What's vice or virtue, sure admits no doubt ;
Then, clergy, with church mission, or without ;
When good, or bad, annex we to your name,
The greater honour, or the greater shame.

Mark how a country Curate once could rise ;
Tho' neither learn'd, nor witty, good, nor wise !
Of innkeeper, or butcher, if begot,
At Cam or Isis bred, imports it not.
A Servitor he was—Of hall, or college ?
Ask not—to neither credit is his knowledge.

Four years, thro' foggy ale, yet made him see,
Just his neck-verse to read, and take degree.
A gown, with added sleeves, he now may wear ;
While his round cap transforms into a square.
Him, quite unsconc'd, the butt'ry book shall own ;
At pray'rs, tho' ne'er devout, so constant known.

Let

Let testimonials then his worth disclose!
 He gains a cassock, beaver and a rose.
 A Curate now, his furniture review!
 A few old sermons, and a bottle-screw.
 A Curate?—Where? His name (cries one) recite!
 Or tell me this—Is pudding his delight?
 Why, our's loves pudding—Does he so?—'tis he!
 A Servitor;—Sure Curl will find a key.

His Alma Mater now he quite forsakes;
 She gave him one degree, and two he takes.
 He now the hood and sleeve of Master wears;
 Doctor! (quoth they)—and lo! a scarf he bears!
 A swelling, ruffling, glossy scarf! yet he,
 By peer unqualify'd, as by degree.

This Curate learns church-dues, and law to tease,
 When time shall serve, for tithes, and surplice-fees;
 When 'scapes some portion'd girl from guardian's pow'r,
 He the snug licence gets for nuptial hour;
 And rend'ring vain her parent's prudent cares,
 To sharper weds her, and with sharper shares.
 Let babes of poverty convulsive lie;
 No bottle waits, tho' babes unsprinkled die.
 Half-office serves the fun'ral, if it bring
 No hope of scarf, or hatband, gloves, or ring.
 Does any wealthy fair desponding lie,
 With scrup'lous conscience, tho' she knows not why?
 Would cordial counsel make the patient well?
 Our priest shall raise the vapours, not dispel.

His

His cant some orphan's piteous case shall bring ;
He bids her give the widow's heart to sing :
He pleads for age in want ; and while she lingers,
Thus snares her charity with bird-lime fingers.

Now in the patron's mansion see the wight,
Factious for pow'r—a son of Levy right !
Servile to 'squires, to vassals proud his mien,
As Codex to inferior Clergy seen.

He flatters till you blush ; but, when withdrawn,
'Tis his to slander, as 'twas his to fawn.

He pumps for secrets, pries o'er servants' ways,
And, like a meddling priest, can mischief raise ;
And from such mischief thus can plead desert—
'Tis all my patron's int'rest at my heart.

Deep in his mind all wrongs from others live ;
None more need pardon, and none less forgive.

At what does next his erudition aim ?
To kill the footed and the feather'd game :
Then this Apostle, for a daintier dish.
With line or net, shall plot the fate of fish.
In kitchen, what the cookmaid calls a cot ;
In cellar, with the butler, brother sot,
Here too he corks ; in brewhouse hops the beer,
Bright in the hall, his parts at whist appear ;
Dext'rous to pack ; yet at all cheats exclaiming :
The priest has av'rice, av'rice itch of gaming,
And gaming fraud :—But fair he strikes the ball,
And at the plain of billiard pockets all.

H

At

At tables now!—But oh, if gammon'd there,
 The startling echoes learn, like him, to swear!
 Tho' ne'er at authors in the study seen,
 At bowls sagacious master of the green.
 A connoisseur, as cunning as a fox,
 To bet on racers, or on battling cocks;
 To preach o'er beer, in boroughs, to procure
 Voters, to make the 'squire's election sure:
 For this, where clowns stare, gape, and grin, and baul,
 Free to buffoon his function to 'em all.
 When the clod justice some horse-laugh wou'd raise,
 Foremost the dullest of dull jokes to praise;
 To say, or unsay, at his patron's nod;
 To do the will of all—save that of God.

His int'rest the most servile part he deems;
 Yet much he sways, where much to serve he seems;
 He sways his patron, rules the Lady most,
 And, as he rules the Lady, rules the roast.

Old tradesmen must give way to new—his aim
 Extorted poundage, once the steward's claim.
 Tenants are rais'd; or, as his pow'r increases,
 Unless they fine to him, renew no leases.
 Thus tradesmen, servants, tenants, none are free;
 Their loss and murmur are his gain and glee.

Lux'ry he loves; but like a priest of sense,
 Ev'n lux'ry loves not at his own expence.
 Tho' harlot passions wanton with his will,
 Yet av'rice is his wedded passion still.

See

See him with napkin o'er his band tuck'd in,
 While the rich greafe hangs glift'ning on his chin;
 Or as the dew from Aaron's beard declines,
 Ev'n to his garment hem soft-trickling shines!
 He feeds, and feeds, swills soop, and sucks up marrow;
 Swills, sucks, and feeds, till leach'rous as a sparrow.
 Thy pleasure, Onan, now no more delights,
 The lone amusement of his chaster nights.
 He boasts—(let Ladies put him to the test!)
 Strong back, broad shoulders, and a well-built chest.
 With stiff'ning nerves, now steals he sly away;
 Alert, warm, chuckling, ripe for am'rous play;
 Ripe to carefs the las he once thought meet
 At church to chide, when penanc'd in a sheet.
 He pants the titillating joy to prove,
 The fierce, short fallies of luxurious love.
 Not fair Cadiere and Confessor than they,
 In straining transports, more lascivious lay.

Conceives her womb, while each so melts and thrills?
 He plies her now with love, and now with pills.
 No more falls penance cloath'd in shame upon her;
 These kill her embryo, and preserve her honour.

Riches, love, pow'r, his passions then we own:
 Can he court pow'r, and pant not for renown?
 Fool, wise, good, wicked—all desire a name:
 Than him, young heroes burn not more for fame.
 While about ways of heav'n the schoolmen jar,
 (The church re-echoing to the wordy war)

116 THE PROGRESS OF

The ways of earth, he (on his horse astride)
 Can with big words contest, with blows decide ;
 He dares some carrier, charg'd with cumb'rous load,
 Disputes, dismounts, and boxes for the road.
 Ye hooting boys, Oh, Well-play'd parson, cry !
 Oh, Well-play'd parson, hooting vales reply !
 Winds waft it to Cathedral Domes around !
 Cathedral Domes from inmost choirs resound !

The man has many meritorious ways :
 He'll smoak his pipe, and London's prelate praise.
 His public pray'rs, his oaths for George declare ;
 Yet mental reservation may forswear ;
 For, safe with friends, he now, in loyal stealth,
 Hiccups, and, stagg'ring, cries—King Jemmy's
 health.

God's word he preaches now, and now profanes ;
 Now swallows camels, and at gnats now strains.
 He pities men, who, in unrighteous days,
 Read, or, what's worse, write poetry and plays.
 He readeth not what any author saith ;
 The more his merit in implicit faith.
 Those, who a jot from mother church recede,
 He damns, like any Athanasian creed.
 He rails at Hoadley ; so can zeal possess him,
 He's orthodox, as G-b-f-n's self—God bless him.

Satan, whom yet, for once, he pays thanksgiving,
 Sweeps off th' incumbent now of fat-goose living.

He

He seeks his patron's Lady, finds the fair,
And for her int'rest first prefers his prayer—
You pose me not (said she) tho' hard the task;
Tho' husbands seldom give what wives will ask.
My dearee does not yet to think incline,
How oft your nest you feather, priest, from mine.
This pin-money, tho' short, has not betray'd;
Nor jewels pawn'd, nor tradesmen's bills unpay'd;
Mine is the female, fashionable skill,
To win my wants, by cheating at quadrille.
You bid me, with prim look, the world delude;
Nor fins my priest demurer than his prude.
Least thinks my Lord, you plant the secret horn,
That yours his hopeful heir, so newly born.
'Tis mine to tease him first with jealous fears,
And thunder all my virtue in his ears:
My virtue rules unquestion'd—Where's the cue
For that which governs him to govern you?
I gave you pow'r the family complain;
I gave you love; but all your love is gain.
My int'rest, wealth—for these alone you burn;
With these you leave me, and with these return:
Then, as no truant wants excuse for play,
'Twas duty—duty call'd you far away;
The sick to visit—some miles off to preach:
—You come not, but to suck one like a leach.

Thus Lady-like, she wanders from the case,
Keeps to no point, but runs a wild-goose chase.

She talks, and talks—to him her words are wind :
For fat-goose living fills alone his mind.

He leaves her, to his patron warm applies :—
But parson, mark the terms ! (his patron cries)
Yon door you held for me, and handmaid Nell :
The girl now sickens, and she soon will swell.
My spouse has yet no jealous, odd conjecture :
Oh, shield my morning rest from curtain-lecture :
Parson, take breeding Nelly quick to wife,
And fat-goose living then is yours for life !

Patron and spouse thus mutually beguil'd,
Patron and priest thus own each other's child.
Smock simony agreed—Thus Curate rise ;
Tho' neither learn'd, nor witty, good nor wise.

Vicars (poor wights !) for lost impropriation,
Rue, tho' good protestants, the reformation.
Prefer'd from Curate, see our soul's protector
No murm'ring vicar, but rejoicing rector ;
Not hir'd by laymen, nor by laymen shown,
Church-lands now theirs, and tithes no more his own !

His patron can't revoke, but may repent :
To bully now, not please, our parson's bent.
When from dependence freed (such priestly will !)
Priests soon treat all, but first their patrons, ill.

Vestries he rules—Ye lawyers, hither draw !
He snacks—His people deep are plung'd in law !
Now these plague those, this parish now sues that,
For burying, or maintaining foundling brat.

Now

'Now with churchwardens cribs the rev'rend thief,
From workhouse-pittance, and collection brief;
Nay, sacramental alms purloins as sure,
And ev'n at altars thus defrauds the poor.

Poor folks he'll shun; but pray by rich, if ill,
And watch, and watch—to slide into their will;
Then pop, perchance, in consecrated wine,
What speeds the soul, he fits for realms divine.

Why cou'd not London this good parson gain?
Before him sepulchres had rent in twain.
Then had he learn'd with sextons to invade,
And strip with sacrilegious hands the dead;
To tear off rings, e'er yet the finger rots;
To part 'em, for the vesture-shroud cast lots;
Had made dead skulls for coin the chymist's share,
The female corpse the surgeon's purchas'd ware;
And peering view'd, when for dissection laid,
That secret place, which love has sacred made.

Grudge heroes not your heads in stills inclos'd!
Grudge not, ye fair, your parts ripp'd up expos'd!
As strikes the choice anatomy our eyes;
As here dead skulls in quick'ning cordials rise;
From Egypt thus a rival traffic springs:
Her vended mummies thus were once her kings;
The line of Ninus now in drugs is roll'd,
And Ptolemy's himself for balsam fold.

Volumes unread his library compose,
Gay shine their gilded backs in letter'd rows.

Cheap he collects—His friends the dupes are known ;
They buy, he borrows, and each book's his own.

Poor neighbours earn his ale, but earn it dear ;
His ale he trafficks for a nobler cheer.
For mugs of ale some poach—no game they spare ;
Nor pheasant, partridge, woodcock, snipe, nor hare.
Some plunder fishponds ; others (ven'son thieves)
The forest ravage, and the priest receives.
Let plenty at his board then lacquey serve !
No—tho' with plenty, penury will starve.
He deals with London fishmongers—His books
Swell in accompts with poult'ers and with cooks.

Wide, and more wide, his swelling fortune flows ;
Narrower, and narrower still, his spirit grows.

His servants—Hard has fate their lot decreed :
They toil like horses, like camelions feed.
Sunday, no sabbath, is in labour spent,
And Christmas renders 'em as lean as Lent,
Him long, nor faithful services engage ;
See 'em dismiss'd in sickness or in age !

His wife, poor Nelly, leads a life of dread ;
Now beat, now pinch'd on arms, and now in bread,
If decent powder deck th' adjusted hair ;
If modish silk, for once, improve her air ;
Her with past faults, thus shocks his cruel tone ;
(Faults, tho' from thence her dow'ry, now his own)—
Thus shall my purse your carnal joys procure,
All dress is nothing, but a harlot's lure.

Sackcloth

Sackcloth alone your fin shou'd, penanc'd wear ;
 Your locks, uncomb'd, with ashes sprinkled stare.
 Spare diet thins the blood—if more you crave,
 'Tis mine, my viands, and your soul to save.
 Blood must be drawn, not swell'd—then strip, and dread
 This waving horsewhip circling o'er my head !
 Be yours the blubb'ring lip, and whimp'ring eye !
 Frequent this lash shall righteous stripes supply.
 What, squall you ? Call no kindred to your aid !
 You wedded when no widow, yet no maid.
 Did * law Mosaic now in force remain,
 Say to what father durst you then complain ?
 What had your virtue witness'd ? Well I know,
 No bridal sheets could virgin tokens shew ;
 Elders had fought, but miss'd the signing red,
 And law, then harlot, straight had ston'd you dead.

Nor former vice alone her pain insures ;
 Nelly, for present virtue, much endures ;
 For lo, she charms some wealthy, am'rous 'squire !
 Her spouse would let her, like his mare, for hire.
 'Twere thus no sin, shou'd love her limbs employ ;
 Be his the profit, and be hers the joy !
 This, when her chastity, or pride denies ;
 His words reproach her, and his kicks chastise.

At length, in childbed, she, with broken heart,
 Tips off—poor soul!—Let her in peace depart !

* For a particular account of this law, we refer to Deuteronomy, chap. xxii. ver. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21.

He mourns her death, who did her life destroy;
 He weeps, and weeps—Oh, how he weeps—for joy!
 Then cries, with seeming grief, Is Nelly dead?
 No more with woman creak my couch or bed!

'Tis true, he spouse nor doxy more enjoys;
 Women farewell! He lusts not—but for boys.

This priest, ye Clergy, not fictitious call;
 Think him not form'd to represent ye all.
 Should satire quirks of vile attornies draw;
 Say, wou'd that mean to ridicule all law?
 Describe some murd'ring quack with want of know-

ledge,

Wou'd true physicians cry—You mean the college?
 Blest be your cloth!—But, if in him, 'tis curst,
 'Tis as best things, corrupted, are the worst.

But lest with keys the guiltless Curl defame,
 Be publish'd here—Melchisedeck his name!
 Of Oxford too; but her strict terms have dropp'd
 him:

And Cambridge, ad eundem, shall adopt him.
 Of Arts now Master him the hood confirms;
 'Scap'd are his exercises, 'scap'd his terms.

See the degree of Doctor next excite!
 The scarf, he once usurp'd, becomes his right.
 A Doctor! cou'd he disputants refute?
 Not so—first compromis'd was the dispute.

At fat-goose living feldom he resides;
 A Curate there, small pittance well provides.

See

See him at London, studiously profound,
With bags of gold, not books, encompass'd roun!
He, from the broker, how to jobb discerns;
He, from the scriv'ner, art of usury learns;
How to let int'rest run on int'rest knows,
And how to draw the mortgage, how foreclose;
Tenants and boroughs bought with monstrous treasure,
Elections turn obedient to his pleasure.
Like St-bb-ng, let him country mobs support,
And then, like St-bb-ng, crave a grace at court!
He sues, he teases, and he perseveres:
Not * blusshless Henley less abash'd appears.
His impudence, of proof in ev'ry trial,
Kens no polite, and heeds no plain denial.
A spy, he aims by others' fall to rise;
Vile as Iscariot U—n, betrays, belies;
And say, what better recommends than this?
Lo, Codex greets him with a holy kiss;
Him thus instructs in controversial stuff;
Him, who ne'er argu'd, but with kick and cuff!

My Weekly Miscellany be your lore;
Then rise, at once, the champion of church-pow'r!
The trick of jumbling contradictions know;
In church be high, in politics seem low:
Seek some antagonist, then wound his name;
The better still his life, the more defame;

* The worthy Orator.

Quote him unfair ; and, in expression quaint,
 Force him to father meanings never meant !
 Learn but mere names, resistless is your page ;
 For these enchant the vulgar, those enrage.
 Name Church, that mystic spell shall mobs command ;
 Let Heretic each reas'ning Christian brand ;
 Cry Schismatic, let men of conscience shrink !
 Cry Infidel, and who shall dare to think ?
 Invoke the Civil Pow'r, not Sense, for aid ;
 Assert, not argue ; menace, not persuade ;
 Shew discord and her fiends would save the nation ;
 But her call Peace, her fiends a Convocation !

By me, and Webster, finish'd thus at school,
 Last for the pulpit, learn this golden rule !
 Detach the sense, and pother o'er the text,
 And puzzle first yourself, your audience next :
 Ne'er let your doctrine ethic truth impart ;
 Be that as free from morals as your heart !
 Say faith, without one virtue, shall do well ;
 But, without faith, all virtues doom to hell !
 What is this faith ? Not what (as Scripture shows)
 Appeals to reason, when 'twou'd truth disclose ;
 This, against reason, dare we recommend ;
 Faith may be true ; yet not on truth depend.
 'Tis mystic light—a light which shall conceal ;
 A Revelation, which shall not reveal.
 If faith is faith, 'tis orthodox—in brief,
 Belief, not orthodox, is not belief ;

An

And who has not belief, pronounce him plain
No Christian—Codex bids you this maintain.

Thus with much wealth, some jargon, and no
grace,

To seat episcopal our Doctor trace!

Codex, deceiving the superior ear,

Procures the Congè (much miscall'd) D'Elire.

(Let this the force of our fine precept tell,

That faith, without one virtue, shall do well.)

The Dean and Chapter, daring not t'enquire,

Elect him—Why?—to shun a Premunire.

Within, without, be tidings roll'd around;

Organs within, and bells without resound.

Lawn-sleev'd, and mitred, stand he now confess:

See Codex consecrate!—A solemn jest!

The wicked's pray'rs prevail not—pardon me,

Who, for your Lordship's blessing, bend—no knee.

Like other priests, when to small fees you send 'em,

Let ours hold fat-goose living in commendam!

An officer, who ne'er his King rever'd;

For trait'rous toasts, and cowardice cashier'd;

A broken 'pothecary, once renown'd

For drugs, that poison'd half the country round;

From whom warm girls, if pregnant ere they marry,

Take physick, and for honour's sake miscarry:

A lawyer, fam'd for length'ning bills of cost,

While much he plagu'd mankind, his clients most,

To

To lick up ev'ry neighbour's fortune known,
 And then let lux'ry lick up all his own ;
 A Cambridge Soph, who once for wit was held
 Esteem'd ; but vicious, and for vice expell'd ;
 With parts, his Lordship's lame ones to support,
 In well-tim'd sermons fit to cant at court ;
 Or accurately pen (a talent better !)
 His Lordship's senate-speech, and past'ral letter :
 These four, to purify from sinful stains
 This Bishop first absolves, and then ordains.
 His chaplains these ? and each of rising knows
 Those righteous arts, by which their patron rose.

See him Lord Spiritual, dead-voting seated !
 He soon (tho' ne'er to heav'n) shall be translated.
 Wou'd now the mitre circle Rundle's crest ?
 See him, with Codex, ready to protest !
 Thus holy, holy, holy Bishop rise ;
 Tho' neither learn'd, nor witty, good, nor wise !

Think not these lays, ye Clergy, would abuse ;
 Thus, when these lays commenc'd, premis'd the muse—
 All priests are not the same, be understood !
 Priests are, like other folks, some bad, some good.
 The good no sanction give the wicked's fame ;
 Nor, with the wicked, share the good in shame.
 Then wise free-thinkers cry not smartly thus—
 Is the priest work'd ?—The poet's one of us.
 Free-thinkers, Bigots are alike to me ;
 For these misdeem half-thinking, thinking free ;

Those,

Those, speculative without speculation,
Call myst'ry and credulity falvation.
Let us believe with reason, and in chief,
Let our good works demonstrate our belief;
Faith, without virtue, never shall do well;
And never virtue, without faith, excel.

O F

And now, my dear friend, I am
about to tell you a story
which I have just heard
from a very reliable source.
It is a story of a man
who has been very successful
in his business, and who
is now very rich.

His name is John D. Rockefeller,
and he is now one of the
wealthiest men in America.
He has made his money
in the oil business, and
he is now a very powerful
man in the world.

He has been very successful
in his business, and he
is now a very powerful
man in the world. He has
made his money in the
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now a very powerful man
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now a very powerful man
in the world.

O F
P U B L I C S P I R I T

IN REGARD TO
P U B L I C W O R K S :

A N E P I S T L E,
TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
F R E D E R I C K P R I N C E O F W A L E S .

C O N T E N T S.

OF reservoirs, and their use; of draining fens, and building bridges, cutting canals, repairing harbours, and stopping inundations, making rivers navigable, building light-houses; of agriculture, gardening, and planting for the noblest uses; of commerce; of public roads; of public buildings, viz. squares, streets, mansions, palaces, courts of justice, senate-houses, theatres, hospitals, churches, colleges, the variety of worthies produced by the latter; of colonies. The slave trade censured, &c.

OF
PUBLIC SPIRIT
IN REGARD TO
PUBLIC WORKS.

GREAT Hope of Britain!—Here the Muse essays
A theme, which, to attempt alone, is praise.
Be Her's a zeal of Public Spirit known!
A princely zeal!—a spirit all your own!

Where never science beam'd a friendly ray,
Where one vast blank neglected Nature lay;
From Public Spirit there, by arts employ'd,
Creation, varying, glads the cheerless void.
Hail arts, where safety, treasure and delight,
On land, on wave, in wond'rous works unite!
Those wond'rous works, O Muse, successive raise,
And point their worth, their dignity and praise!

What tho' no streams, magnificently play'd,
Rise a proud column, fall a grand cascade;
Thro' nether pipes, which nobler use renowns,
Lo! ductile riv'lets visit distant towns!
Now vanish fens, whence vapours rise no more,
Whose agueish influence tainted heav'n before.

Here herbs of food and phyfic plenty show'rs,
 Gives fruits to blush, and colours various flow'rs.
 Where sands or stony wilds once starv'd the year,
 Laughs the green lawn, and nods the golden ear.
 White shine the fleecy race, which fate shall doom
 The feast of life, the treasure of the loom.

On plains now bare shall gardens wave their groves,
 While settling songsters woo their feather'd loves.
 Where pathless woods no grateful openings knew,
 Walks tempt the step, and vistas court the view.
 See the parterre confess expansive day ;
 The grot, elusive of the noon-tide ray.
 Up yon green slope a length of terrace lies,
 Whence gradual landscapes fade in distant skies.
 Now the blue lake reflected heav'n displays ;
 Now darkens, regularly-wild, the maze.
 Urns, obelisks, fanes, statues intervene ;
 Now center, now commence or end the scene.
 Lo, proud alcoves ! lo, soft sequester'd bow'rs !
 Retreats of social, or of studious hours !
 Rank above rank here shapely greens ascend ;
 There others natively-grotesque depend.
 The rude, the delicate, immingled tell
 How Art wou'd Nature, Nature, Art excell ;
 And how, while these their rival charms impart,
 Art brightens Nature, Nature brightens Art ;
 Thus in the various, yet harmonious space,
 Blend order, symmetry, and force, and grace.

134 OF PUBLIC SPIRIT, &c.

When these from Public Spirit smile, we see
Free-opening gates, and bow'ry pleasures free ;
For sure great souls one truth can never miss,
Bliss not communicated is not bliss.

Thus Public Spirit, liberty and peace,
Carve, build, and plant, and give the land increase ;
From peasant hands imperial works arise,
And British, hence, with Roman grandeur vies ;
Not grandeur that in pompous whim appears,
That levels hills, that vales to mountains rears ;
That alters nature's regulated grace,
Meaning to deck, but destin'd to deface.
Tho' no proud gates, with China's taught to vie,
Magnificently useless, strike the eye ;
(Useless, where rocks a surer barrier lend,
Where seas incircle, and where fleets defend ;)
What tho' no arch of triumph is assign'd
To laurel'd pride, whose sword has thinn'd mankind ;
Tho' no vast wall extends from coast to coast,
No pyramid aspires sublimely lost ;
Yet the safe road thro' rocks shall winding tend,
And the firm causeway o'er the clays ascend.
Lo ! stately streets, lo ! ample squares invite
The salutary gale that breathes delight.
Lo ! structures mark the charitable foil
For casual ill, maim'd valour, feeble toil
Worn out with care, infirmity and age ;
The life here entering, quitting there the stage :

The babe of lawless birth, doom'd else to moan,
 To starve or bleed for errors not his own !
 Let the frail mother 'scape the same defil'd,
 If from the murd'ring mother 'scape the child !
 Oh, guard his youth from sin's alluring voice ;
 From deeds of dire necessity, not choice !
 His grateful hand, thus never harmful known,
 Shall on the public welfare build his own.

Thus worthy crafts, which low-born life divide,
 Give towns their opulence, and courts their pride.
 Sacred to pleasure structures rise elate,
 To that still worthy of the wise and great.
 Sacred to pleasure then shall piles ascend ?
 They shall—when pleasure and instruction blend.
 Let theatres, from Public Spirit shine !
 Such theatres, as, Athens, once were thine !
 See ! the gay Muse, of pointed wit possess'd,
 Who wakes the virtuous laugh, the decent jest :
 What tho' she mock, she mocks with honest aim,
 And laughs each fav'rite folly into shame.
 With lib'ral light the tragic charms the age ;
 In solemn-training robes she fills the stage ;
 There human nature, mark'd in diff'rent lines,
 Alive in character, distinctly shines.
 Quick passions change alternate on her face ;
 Her diction music, as her action grace.
 Instant we catch her terror-giving cares,
 Pathetic sighs, and pity-moving tears ;

136 OF PUBLIC SPIRIT, ETC.

Instant we catch her gen'rous glow of soul,
'Till one great striking moral crowns the whole.

Hence in warm youth, by scenes of virtue taught,
Honour exalts, and love expands the thought;
Hence pity, to peculiar grief assign'd,
Grows wide benevolence to all mankind.

Where various edifice the land renowns,
There Public Spirit plans, exalts, and crowns.
She cheers the mansion with the spacious hall,
Bids painting live along the storied wall;
Seated, she smiling eyes th' unclosing door,
And much she welcomes all, but most the poor;
She turns the pillar, or the arch she bends,
The choir she lengthens, or the choir extends;
She rears the tow'r, whose height the heav'n's admire;
(She rears, she rounds, she points the less'ning spire;
At her command the college-roofs ascend;
For Public Spirit still is learning's friend.)
Stupendous piles, which useful pomp compleats,
Thus rise Religion's, and thus Learning's seats:
There moral truth and holy science spring,
And give the sage to teach, the bard to sing.
There some draw health from herbs and min'ral veins,
Some search the systems of the heavenly plains;
Some call from history, past times to view,
And others trace old laws, and sketch out new;
Thence saving rights by legislators plann'd,
And guardian patriots thence inspire the land.

Now

Now grant, ye pow'rs, one great, one fond desire,
And, granting, bid a new Whitehall aspire !
Far let it lead, by well-pleas'd Thames survey'd,
The swelling arch, and stately colonnade ;
Bid courts of justice, senate-chambers join,
Till various all in one proud work combine !

But now be all the gen'rous Goddesses seen,
When most diffus'd she shines, and most benign !
Ye sons of misery attract her view !
Ye fallow, hollow-ey'd, and meagre crew !
Such high perfection have our arts attain'd,
That now few sons of toil our arts demand ?
Then to the public, to itself, we fear,
Ev'n willing industry grows useless here.
Are we too populous at length confess'd,
From confluent strangers refug'd and redress'd ?
Has war so long withdrawn his barb'rous train,
That peace o'erstocks us with the sons of men ?
So long has plague left pure the ambient air,
That want must prey on those disease would spare ?
Hence beauteous wretches (beauty's foul disgrace !)
Tho' born the pride, the shame of human race ;
Fair wretches hence, who nightly streets annoy,
Live but themselves and others to destroy.
Hence robbers rise, to theft, to murder prone,
First driv'n by want, from habit desp'rate grown ;
Hence, for ow'd trifles, oft our jails contain
(Torn from mankind) a miserable train ;

Torn

138 OF PUBLIC SPIRIT, &c.

Torn from, in spite of nature's tend'ring cries,
Parental, filial, and connubial ties :
The trader, when on ev'ry side distressed,
Hence flies to what expedient frauds suggest ;
To prop his question'd credit's tott'ring state,
Others he first involves to share his fate ;
Then for mean refuge must self-exil'd roam,
Never to hope a friend, or find a home.

This Public Spirit sees, she sees and feels !
Her breast the throb, her eye the tear reveals ;
(The patriot throb that beats, the tear that flows
For others welfare, and for others woes)—
And what can I (she said) to cure their grief ?
Shall I or point out death, or point relief ?
Forth shall I lead 'em to some happier soil,
To conquest lead 'em, and enrich with spoil ?
Bid 'em convulse a world, make Nature groan,
And spill, in shedding others blood, their own ?
No, no—such wars do thou, Ambition, wage !
Go sterilize the fertile with thy rage !
Whole nations to depopulate is thine ;
To people, culture, and protect, be mine !
Then range the world, Discov'ry !—Straight he goes
O'er seas, o'er Lybia's sands, and Zembla's snows ;
He settles where kind rays till now have smil'd
(Vain smile !) on some luxuriant houseless wild.
How many sons of want might here enjoy
What Nature gives for age but to destroy ?

Blush,

Blush, blush, O sun (she cries) here vainly found,
 To rise, to set, to roll the seasons round !
 Shall heav'n distil in dews, descend in rain,
 From earth gush fountains, rivers flow—in vain ?
 There shall the wat'ry lives in myriads stray,
 And be, to be alone each other's prey ?
 Unfought shall here the teeming quarries own
 The various species of mechanic stone ?
 From structure this, from sculpture that, confine ?
 Shall rocks forbid the latent gem to shine ?
 Shall mines obedient, aid no artists care,
 Nor give the martial sword and peaceful share ?
 Ah ! shall they never precious ore unfold,
 To smile in silver, or to flame in gold ?
 Shall here the vegetable world alone,
 For joys, for various virtues, rest unknown ?
 While food and phyfic, plants and herbs supply,
 Here must they shoot alone to bloom and die ?
 Shall fruits, which none but brutal eyes survey,
 Untouch'd grow ripe, untasted drop away ?
 Shall here th' irrational, the savage kind,
 Lord it o'er stores by heav'n for man design'd,
 And trample what mild suns benignly raise,
 While man must lose the use, and heav'n the praise ;
 Shall it then be ?—Indignant here she rose,
 (Indignant, yet humane, her bosom glows)—
 No ! By each honour'd Grecian, Roman name,
 By men for virtue deify'd by fame,

Who

Who peopled lands, who model'd infant state,
 And then bade empire be maturely great ;
 By these I swear (be witness earth and skies !)
 Fair Order here shall from Confusion rise.
 Rapt, I a future colony survey !
 Come then, ye sons of Mis'ry ! come away !
 Let those, whose sorrows from neglect are known,
 (Here taught, compell'd, empower'd) neglect atone ;
 Let those enjoy, who never merit woes,
 In youth th' industrious wish, in age repose !
 Allotted acres (no reluctant soil)
 Shall prompt their industry, and pay their toil.
 Let families, long strangers to delight,
 Whom wayward fate dispers'd, by me unite ;
 Here live enjoying life ; see plenty, peace ;
 Their lands increasing as their sons increase.
 As nature yet is found, in leafy glades,
 To intermix the walks with lights and shades ;
 Or as with good and ill, in chequer'd strife,
 Various the goddess colours human life ;
 So, in this fertile clime, if yet are seen
 Moors, marshes, cliffs, by turns to intervene ;
 Where cliffs, moors, marshes desolate the view,
 Where haunts the bittern, and where screams the
 mew ;
 Where prowls the wolf, where roll'd the serpent lies,
 Shall solemn fanes and halls of justice rise,

And

And towns shall open (all of structure fair !)
 To bright'ning prospects, and to purest air ;
 Frequented ports, and vineyards green succeed,
 And flocks increasing whiten all the mead.
 On science, science, arts on arts refine ;
 On these, from high, all heav'n shall smiling shine,
 And Public Spirit here a people show,
 Free, num'rous, pleas'd, and busy all below.

Learn, future natives of this promis'd land,
 What your forefathers ow'd my saving hand !
 Learn, when Despair such sudden bliss shall see,
 Such bliss must shine from Oglethorpe or me !
 Do you the neighb'ring blameless Indian aid,
 Culture what he neglects, not his invade ;
 Dare not, Oh dare not, with ambitious view,
 Force or demand subjection never due.
 Let, by my specious name, no tyrants rise,
 And cry, while they enslave, they civilize !
 Know, Liberty and I are still the same,
 Congenial !—ever mingling flame with flame !
 Why must I Afric's sable children see
 Vended for slaves, tho' form'd by nature free,
 The nameless tortures cruel minds invent,
 Those to subject, whom nature equal meant ?
 If these you dare (albeit unjust success
 Empow'rs you now unpunish'd to oppress)
 Revolving empire you and yours may doom,
 (Rome all subdu'd, yet Vandals vanquish'd Rome,)

Yes,

Yes, empire may revolve, give them the day,
And yoke may yoke, and blood may blood repay.

Thus (ah! how far unequall'd by my lays,
Unskill'd the heart to melt or mind to raise,))
Sublime, benevolent, deep, sweetly-clear,
Worthy a Thomson's Muse, a FRED'RICK's ear,
Thus spoke the Goddess. Thus I faintly tell
In what lov'd works heav'n gives her to excel.
But who her sons, that, to her int'rest true,
Conversant lead her to a prince like you?
These, Sir, salute you from life's middle state,
Rich without gold, and without titles great:
Knowledge of books and men exalts their thought,
In wit accomplish'd, tho' in wiles untaught,
Careless of whispers meant to wound their name,
Nor sneer'd nor brib'd from virtue into shame;
In letters elegant, in honour bright,

They come, they catch, and they reflect delight.

Mixing with these a few of rank are found,
For councils, embassies, and camps renown'd.
Vers'd in gay life, in honest maxims read,
And ever warm of heart, yet cool of head.
From these the circling glass gives wit to shine,
The bright grow brighter, and ev'n courts refine;
From these so gifted, candid, and upright,
Flows knowledge, soft'ning into ease polite.

Happy the men, who such a prince can please!
Happy the prince rever'd by men like these!

His

OF PUBLIC SPIRIT, ETC. 143

His condescensions dignity display,
Grave with the wise, and with the witty gay ;
For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
Which, in due statues, to his fame shall rise ;
Ever shall Public Spirit beam his praise,
And the Muse swell it in immortal lays.

POEMS

100

P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

K

P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS

P O E M S
O N
S E V E R A L O C C A S I O N S .
T O
MR. JOHN DYER, A PAINTER,
ADVISING HIM TO DRAW A CERTAIN
NOBLE AND ILLUSTRIOUS PERSON;
OCCASIONED BY SEEING HIS
PICTURE OF THE CELEBRATED CLIO.

FORGIVE an artless, an officious friend,
Weak, when I judge, but willing to commend;
Fall'n as I am, by no kind fortune rais'd,
Depress'd, obscur'd, unpity'd, and unprais'd;
Yet, when these well-known features I peruse,
Some warmth awakes—some embers of a Muse.

Ye Muses, Graces, and ye Loves appear!
Your Queen, your Venus, and your Clio's here!
In such pure fires her rising thoughts refine!
Her eyes with such commanding sweetness shine:
Such vivid tinctures sure thro' ether glow,
Stain summer clouds, or gild the wat'ry bow:

If life Pygmalion's iv'ry fav'rite fir'd,
Sure some enamour'd God this draught inspir'd !
Or, if you rashly caught Promethean flame,
Shade the sweet theft, and mar the beauteous frame !
Yet if those cheering lights the prospect fly,
Ah !—let no pleasing view the loss supply.
Some dreary den, some desert waste prepare,
Wild as my thoughts, or dark as my despair.

But still, my friend, still the sweet object stays,
Still stream your colours rich with Clio's rays !
Sure at each kindling touch your canvass glows !
Sure the full form, instinct with spirit, grows !
Let the dull artist puzzling rules explore,
Dwell on the face, and gaze the features o'er ;
You eye the soul—there genuine nature find,
You, thro' the meaning muscles, strike the mind.

Nor can one view such boundless pow'r confine,
All Nature opens to an art like thine !
Now rural scenes in simple grandeur rise !
Vales, hills, lawns, lakes, and vineyards feast our eyes,
Now halcyon Peace a smiling aspect wears !
Now the red scene with war and ruin glares !
Here Britain's fleets o'er Europe's seas preside !
There long-lost cities rear their ancient pride !
You from the grave can half redeem the slain,
And bid great Julius charm the world again :
Mark out Pharsalia's, mark out Munda's fray,
And image all the horrors of the day.

But

But if new glories most our warmth excite ;
 If toils untry'd to noblest aims invite ;
 Would you in envy'd pomp unrivall'd reign,
 Oh, let Horatius grace the canvass plain !
 His form might ev'n idolatry create,
 In lineage, titles, wealth and worth elate !
 Empires to him might virgin honours owe,
 From him arts, arms, and laws new influence know.
 For him kind suns on fruits and grains shall shine,
 And future gold lie rip'ning in the mine :
 For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
 Which, in due statues, to his fame shall rise.
 Thro' those bright features Cæsar's spirit trace,
 Each conqu'ring sweetness, each imperial grace,
 All that is soft or eminently great,
 In love, in war, in knowledge, or in state.

Thus shall your colours, like his worth amaze !
 Thus shall you charm, enrich'd with Clio's praise !
 Clear, and more clear, your golden genius shines,
 While my dim lamp of life obscure declines :
 Dull'd in damp shades it wastes, unseen, away,
 While yours, triumphant, glows one blaze of day.

V E R S E S

SENT

TO AARON HILL, ESQ.

WITH THE

TRAGEDY OF SIR THOMAS OVERBURY,

EXPECTING HIM TO CORRECT IT.

I.

AS the foul, stript of mortal clay,
Grows all divinely fair,
And boundless roves the milky way,
And views sweet prospects there,

II.

This hero, clogg'd with droffy lines,
By thee new vigour tries ;
As thy correcting hand refines,
Bright scenes around him rise.

III.

Thy touch brings the wish'd stone to pass,
So fought, so long foretold ;
It turns polluted lead, or brass,
At once to purest gold.

PROLOGUE

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 151

P R O L O G U E

SPOKEN AT THE REVIVAL OF
SHAKESPEARE'S KING HENRY VI.

A T T H E
THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.
PRINTED BEFORE THE PLAY, FROM A SPURIOUS COPY.

TO-night a patient ear, ye Britons, lend,
And to your great forefathers' deeds attend.
Here cheaply warn'd, ye blest descendants, view
What ills on England, Civil Discord drew.
To wound the heart, the martial Muse prepares;
While the red scene with raging slaughter glares.

Here, while a monarch's sufferings we relate,
Let gen'rous grief his ruin'd grandeur wait.
While Second Richard's blood for vengeance calls,
Doom'd for his grandfire's guilt, poor Henry falls.
In civil jars avenging judgment blows,
And royal wrongs entail a people's woes.
Henry, unvers'd in wiles, more good than great,
Drew on by meekness his disastrous fate.

Thus when you see this land by faction tost,
Her nobles slain, her laws, her freedom lost;
Let this reflection from the action flow,
We ne'er from foreign foes could ruin know.
Oh, let us then intestine discord shun,
We ne'er can be, but by ourselves, undone.

THE
ANIMALCULE.
A T A L E.

OCCASIONED BY

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF RUTLAND'S
RECEIVING THE SMALL-POX BY INOCULATION.

I.

IN Animalcules, muse, display
Spirits, of name unknown in song!
Reader, a kind attention pay,
Nor think an useful comment long.

II.

Far less than mites, on mites they prey;
Minute things may swarms contain:
When o'er your iv'ry teeth they stray,
Then throb your little nerves with pain.

III.

Fluids, in drops, minutely swell;
These subtil beings each contains;
In the small sanguine globes they dwell,
Roll from the heart, and trace the veins.

IV. Thro'

IV.

Thro' ev'ry tender tube they rove,
 In finer spirits strike the brain ;
 Wind quick thro' ev'ry fibrous grove,
 And seek, thro' pores, the heart again.

V.

If they with purer drops dilate,
 And lodge where entity began,
 They actuate with a genial heat,
 And kindle into future man.

VI.

But when our lives are Nature's due,
 Air, seas, nor fire, their frames dissolve ;
 They matter, thro' all forms pursue,
 And oft to genial heats revolve.

VII.

Thus once an Animalcule prov'd,
 When Man, a patron to the bays ;
 This patron was in Greece belov'd ;
 Yet fame was faithless to his praise.

VIII.

In Rome, this Animalcule grew
 Mæcenas, whom the classics rate !
 Among the Gauls, it prov'd Richlieu,
 In learning, pow'r, and bounty great.

IX. In

IX.

In Britain, Halifax it rose ;
 (By Halifax, bloom'd Congreve's strains)
And now it rediminish'd glows,
 To glide thro' godlike Rutland's veins.

X.

A plague there is, too many know ;
 Too seldom perfect cures befall it :
The muse may term it beauty's foe ;
 In phyfic, the Small-pox we call it.

XI.

From Turks we learn this plague t'assuage,
 They, by admitting, turn its course :
Their kifs will tame the tumor's rage ;
 By yielding, they o'ercome the force.

XII.

Thus Rutland did its touch invite,
 While, watchful in the ambient air,
This little, guardian, subtil spright
 Did with the poison in repair.

XIII.

Th' infection from the heart it clears ;
 Th' infection, now dilated thin,
In pearly pimples but appears,
 Expell'd upon the surface skin.

XIV. And

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 155

XIV.

And now, it mould'ring, wastes away :
'Tis gone !—doom'd to return no more !
Our Animalcule keeps its stay,
And must new labyrinths explore.

XV.

And now the Noble's thoughts are seen,
Unmark'd, it views his heart's desires !
It now reflects what it has been,
And rapt'rous, at his change admires !

XVI.

Its pristine virtues, kept, combine,
To be again in Rutland known ;
But they, immers'd, no longer shine,
Nor equal, nor encrease his own.

TO

MRS. ELIZA HAYWOOD,

ON HER NOVEL, CALLED,

THE RASH RESOLVE.

DOOM'D to a fate which damps the poet's flame.
A muse, unfriended, greets thy rising name !
Unvers'd in envy's, or in flatt'ry's phrase,
Greatness she flies, yet merit claims her praise ;
Nor will she, at her with'ring wreath, repine,
But smile, if fame and fortune cherish thine.

The sciences in thy sweet genius charm,
And, with their strength, thy sex's softness arm.
In thy full figures, painting's force we find,
As music fires, thy language lifts the mind.
Thy pow'r gives form, and touches into life
The passions imag'd in their bleeding strife :
Contrasted strokes, true art and fancy show,
And lights and shades in lively mixture flow.
Hope attacks Fear and Reason, Love's control,
Jealousy wounds, and Friendship heals the soul :
Black Falshood wears bright Gallantry's disguise,
And the guilt cloud enchants the fair-one's eyes.
Thy dames, in grief and frailties lovely shine,
And when most mortal half appear divine.

If,

If, when some godlike, fav'rite passion sways,
 The willing heart too fatally obeys,
 Great minds lament what cruel censure blames,
 And ruin'd Virtue gen'rous pity claims.

Eliza, still impaint Love's pow'rful Queen!
 Let Love, soft Love! exalt each swelling scene.
 Arm'd with keen wit, in fame's wide lists advance!
 Spain yields in fiction, in politeness, France.
 Such orient light, as the first poets knew,
 Flames from thy thought, and brightens ev'ry view!
 A strong, a glorious, a luxuriant fire,
 Which warms cold wisdom into wild desire!
 Thy Fable glows so rich thro' ev'ry page,
 What moral's force can the fierce heat assuage?

And yet—but say, if ever doom'd to prove
 The sad, the dear perplexities of love!
 Where seeming transport softens ev'ry pain,
 Where fancy'd freedom waits the winning chain!
 Varying from pangs to visionary joys,
 Sweet is the fate, and charms as it destroys!
 Say then—if Love to sudden rage gives way,
 Will the soft passion not resume its sway?
 Charming and charm'd, can Love from Love retire?
 Can a cold convent quench th' unwilling fire?
 Precept, if human, may our thoughts refine,
 More we admire! but cannot prove divine.

A N

APOLOGY TO BRILLANTE,

FOR HAVING

LONG OMITTED WRITING IN VERSE.

IN IMITATION OF A CERTAIN MIMIC OF ANACREON.

CAN I matchless charms recite ?
 Source of ever-springing light !
 Cou'd I count the vernal flow'rs,
 Count in endless time the hours ;
 Count the countless stars above,
 Count the captive hearts of Love ;
 Paint the torture of his fire,
 Paint the pangs those eyes inspire !
 (Pleasing torture, thus to shine,
 Purify'd by fires like thine !)
 Then I'd strike the sounding string !
 Then I'd thy perfection sing.

Mystic world !—Thou something more !
 Wonder of the Almighty's store !
 Nature's depths we oft descry,
 Oft they're pierc'd by learning's eye ;
 Thou, if thought on thee would gain,
 Prov'st (like heav'n) enquiry vain.
 Charms unequall'd we pursue !
 Charms in shining throngs we view !
 Number'd then cou'd nature's be,
 Nature's self were poor to thee.

A N

AN
E P I S T L E
TO
M R S. O L D F I E L D,
OF THE
T H E A T R E - R O Y A L.

WHILE to your charms unequal verse I raise,
Aw'd, I admire, and tremble as I praise :
Here art and Genius new refinement need,
Lift'ning, they gaze, and, as they gaze, recede !
Can Art, or Genius, or their pow'rs combin'd,
But from corporeal organs sketch the mind ?
When sound embody'd can with shape surprize,
The muse may emulate your voice and eyes,
Mark rival arts perfection's point pursue !
Each rivals each, but to excel in you !
The bust and medal bear the meaning face,
And the proud statue adds the posture's grace !
Imag'd at length, the bury'd heroine, known,
Still seems to wound, to smile, or frown in stone !
As art wou'd art, or metal stone surpass,
Her soul strikes, gleaming, thro' Corinthian brass !
Serene, the faint in smiling silver shines,
And cherubs weep in gold o'er fainted shrines !

If

If long-lost forms from Raphael's pencil glow,
 Wond'rous in warmth the mimic colours flow !
 Each look, each attitude, new grace displays ;
 Your voice and motion life and music raise.

Thus Cleopatra in your charms refines ;
 She lives, she speaks, with force improv'd she shines !
 Fair, and more fair, you ev'ry grace transmit ;
 Love, learning, beauty, elegance, and wit.
 Cæsar, the world's unrivall'd master fir'd,
 In her imperial soul, his own admir'd !
 Philippi's victor wore her winning chain,
 And felt not empire's loss in beauty's gain.
 Cou'd the pale heroes your bright influence know,
 Or catch the silver accents as they flow,
 Drawn from dark rest by your enchanting strain,
 Each shade were lur'd to life and love again.

Say, sweet inspirer ! were each annal known,
 What living greatness shines there not your own !
 If the griev'd muse by some lov'd empress rose,
 New strength, new grace it to your influence owes !
 If pow'r by war distinguish'd height reveals,
 Your nobler pride the wounds of fortune heals !
 Then cou'd an empire's cause demand your care,
 The soul, that justly thinks, wou'd greatly dare.

Long has feign'd Venus mock'd the muse's praise,
 You dart, divine Ophelia ! genuine rays !
 Warm thro' those eyes enliv'ning raptures roll !
 Sweet thro' each striking feature streams your soul !

The

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 161

The soul's bright meanings heighten beauty's fires :
Your looks, your thoughts, your deeds, each grace
inspires !

Know then, if rank'd with monarchs, here you stand,
What fate declines, you from the muse demand !
Each grace that shone of old in each fam'd fair,
Or may in modern dames refinement wear ;
Whate'er just, emulative thoughts pursue,
Is all confirm'd, is all ador'd in you !
If god-like bosoms pant for pow'r to bless,
If 'tis a monarch's glory to redress ;
In conscious majesty you shine serene,
In thought a heroine, and in act a queen.

V E R S E S,

OCCASIONED BY READING

MR. AARON HILL'S POEM,

CALLED

G I D E O N.

* * The lines marked thus ' ' are taken from GIDEON.

I.

LET other poets poorly sing
 Their flatt'ries to the vulgar great !
 Her airy flight let wand'ring Fancy wing,
 And rival nature's most luxuriant store,
 To swell some monster's pride who shames a state,
 Or form a wreath to crown tyrannic pow'r !
 Thou, who inform'd'st this clay with active fire !
 Do thou, Supreme of Pow'rs ! my thoughts refine,
 And with thy purest heat my soul inspire,
 That with Hillarius' worth my verse may shine !
 As thy lov'd Gideon once set Israel free,
 So he with sweet, seraphic lays
 ' Redeems the use of captive poetry,'
 Which first was form'd to speak thy glorious praise !

II.

Moses, with an enchanting tongue,
Pharaoh's just overthrow sublimely sung !

When Saul and Jonathan in death were laid,
Surviving David felt the soft'ning fire !

And by the Great Almighty's tuneful aid,
Wak'd into endless life his mournful lyre.
Their diff'rent thoughts, met in Hillarius' song,
Roll in one channel more divinely strong !

With Pindar's fire his verse's spirit flies,
'Wasted in charming music thro' the air !'

Unstop'd by clouds, it reaches to the skies,
And joins with angels' hallelujahs there,
Flows mix'd, and sweetly strikes th' Almighty's ear !

III.

Rebels should blush when they his Gideon see !
That Gideon, born to set his country free.

O, that such heroes in each age might rise,
Bright'ning thro' vapours like the morning-star,
Gen'rous in triumph, and in council wise !
Gentle in peace, but terrible in war !

IV.

When Gideon, Oreb, Hiram, Shimron, shine
Fierce in the blaze of war as they engage !

Great bard ! What energy, but thine,
Cou'd reach the vast description of their rage ?

Or, when to cruel foes betray'd,
 Sareph and Hama call for aid,
 Lost and bewilder'd in despair,
 How piercing are the hapless lover's cries?
 What tender strokes in melting accents rise?
 Oh, what a master-piece of pity's there?
 Nor goodly Joash shews thy sweetness less,
 When, like kind heav'n, he frees 'em from distress!

V.

Hail thou, whose verse, a living image shines,
 In Gideon's character your own you drew!
 As there the graceful patriot shines,
 We in that image, bright Hillarius view!
 Let the low crowd who love unwholesome fare,
 When in thy words the breath of angels flows,
 Like gross-fed spirits sick in purer air,
 Their earthy souls by their dull taste disclose!
 Thy dazzling genius shines too bright!
 And they, like spectres, shun the streams of light.
 But while in shades of ignorance they stray,
 Round thee rays of knowledge play,
 ' And shew thee glitt'ring in abstracted day.'

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

BESSY, COUNTESS OF ROCHFORD,

DAUGHTER OF THE LATE EARL RIVERS,

WHEN WITH CHILD.

AS when the sun walks forth in flaming gold,
Mean plants may smile, and humble flow'rs unfold,
The low-laid lark the distant ether wings,
And, as she soars, her daring anthem sings;
So, when thy charms celestial views create,
My smiling song surmounts my gloomy fate.
Thy angel-embryo prompts my tow'ring lays,
Claims my fond wish, and fires my future praise:
May it, if male, its grandfire's image wear;
Or in its mother's charms confess the fair;
At the kind birth may each mild planet wait;
Soft be the pain, but prove the blessing great.

Hail Rivers! hallow'd shade! descend from rest!
Descend and smile, to see thy Rochford blest:
Weep not the scenes thro' which my life must run,
Tho' fate, fleet-footed, scents thy languid son.
The bar that, dark'ning cross'd my crested claim,
Yields at her charms, and brightens in their flame:
That blood, which, honour'd, in thy Rochford reigns,
In cold, unwilling wand'rings trac'd my veins.

Want's wint'ry realm froze hard around my view ;
And scorn's keen blasts a cutting anguish blew.
To such sad weight my gath'ring griefs were wrought,
Life seem'd not life, but when convuls'd with thought !
Decreed beneath a mother's frown to pine,
Madness were ease, to mis'ry form'd like mine !

Yet my muse waits thee thro' the realms of day,
Where lambent lightnings round thy temples play.
Sure my fierce woes, will, like those fires, refine,
Thus lose their torture, and thus glorious shine !
And now the muse heaven's milky path surveys,
With thee, 'twixt pendant worlds, it wond'ring strays,
Worlds which, unnumber'd as thy virtues, roll
Round suns—fix'd, radiant emblems of thy soul !
Hence lights refracted run thro' distant skies,
Changeful on azure plains in quiv'ring dyes !
So thy mind darted thro' its earthy frame,
A wide, a various, and a glit'ring flame.

Now a new scene enormous lustre brings,
Now seraphs shade thee round with silver wings ;
In angel-forms thou see'st thy Rochford shine ;
In each sweet form is trac'd her beauteous line !
Such was her soul, ere this selected mould
Sprung at thy wish, the sparkling life t' infold !
So amidst cherubs shone her son refin'd,
Ere infant-flesh the new-form'd soul enshrin'd !
So shall a sequent race from Rochford rise,
The world's fair pride—Descendants of the skies.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 167

TO THE EXCELLENT

M I R A N D A,
CONSORT OF AARON HILL, ESQ.

ON READING HER POEMS.

EACH soft'ning charm of Clio's smiling song,
Montague's soul, which shines divinely strong,
These blend, with graceful ease, to form thy rhyme,
Tender, yet chaste; sweet-sounding, yet sublime;
Wisdom and wit have made thy works their care,
Each passion glows, refin'd by precept, there:
To fair Miranda's form each grace is kind;
The Muses and the Virtues tune thy mind.

V E R S E S

T O A

Y O U N G L A D Y .

POLLY, from me, tho' now a love-sick youth,
Nay, tho' a poet, hear the voice of truth !
Polly, you're not a beauty, yet you're pretty ;
So grave, yet gay ; so silly, yet so witty ;
A heart of softness, yet a tongue of satire ;
You've cruelty, yet, e'en with that, good-nature :
Now you are free, and now reserv'd awhile ;
Now a forc'd frown betrays a willing smile.
Reproach'd for absence, yet your sight deny'd ;
My tongue you silence, yet my silence chide.
How would you praise me, shou'd your sex defame !
Yet, shou'd they praise, grow jealous, and exclaim,
If I despair, with some kind look you bless ;
But if I hope, at once all hope suppress.
You scorn ; yet shou'd my passion change or fail.
Too late you'd whimper out a softer tale.
You love ; yet from your lover's wish retire ;
Doubt, yet discern ; deny, and yet desire.
Such, Polly, are your sex—part truth, part fiction,
Some thought, much whim, and all a contradiction.

THE

THE
GENTLEMAN.

ADDRESSED TO
JOHN JOLIFFE, ESQ.

A DECENT mien, an elegance of dress,
Words, which, at ease, each winning grace express;
A life, where love, by wisdom polish'd, shines,
Where wisdom's self again, by love, refines;
Where we to chance for friendship never trust,
Nor ever dread from sudden whim disgust;
The social manners and the heart humane;
A nature ever great and never vain;
A wit, that no licentious pertness knows;
The sense, that unassuming candour shows:
Reason, by narrow principles uncheck'd,
Slave to no party, bigot to no sect;
Knowledge of various life, of learning too;
Thence taste; thence truth, which will from taste ensue:
Unwilling censure, tho' a judgment clear;
A smile indulgent, and that smile sincere;
An humble, tho' an elevated mind;
A pride, its pleasure but to serve mankind:
If these esteem and admiration raise;
Give true delight, and gain unflatt'ring praise,
In one wish'd view, th' accomplish'd man we see;
These graces all are thine, and thou art he.

CHARAC-

CHARACTER OF THE

REV. JAMES FOSTER.

FROM Codex hear, ye ecclesiastic men,
This past'ral charge to W-bf-r, St-bb-ng, V—n ;
Attend ye emblems of your P——'s mind !
Mark Faith, mark Hope, mark Charity, defin'd ;
On terms, whence no ideas ye can draw,
Pin well your faith, and then pronounce it law ;
First wealth, a crozier next, your hope enflame ;
And next church-power—a pow'r o'er conscience,
claim ;

In modes of worship right of choice deny ;
Say, to convert, all means are fair—add, why ?
'Tis charitable—let your power decree,
That Persecution then is Charity ;
Call reason error ; forms, not things, display,
Let moral doctrine to abstruse give way ;
Sink demonstration ; myst'ry preach alone ;
Be thus Religion's friend, and thus your own.

But Foster well this honest truth extends—
Where Mystery begins, Religion ends.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 171

In him, great modern miracle ! we see
 A priest, from av'rice and ambition free ;
 One, whom no persecuting spirit fires ;
 Whose heart and tongue benevolence inspires :
 Learn'd, not assuming ; eloquent, yet plain ;
 Meek, tho' not tim'rous ; conscious, tho' not vain ;
 Without craft, rev'rend ; holy, without cant ;
 Zealous for truth, without enthusiast rant.
 His faith, where no credulity is seen,
 'Twixt infidel and bigot, marks the mean ;
 His hope, no mitre militant on earth,
 'Tis that bright crown which heav'n reserves for worth,
 A priest, in charity with all mankind,
 His love to virtue, not to sect confin'd :
 Truth his delight ; from him it flames abroad,
 From him, who fears no being, but his God :
 In him from christian, moral light can shine ;
 Not mad with myst'ry, but a sound divine ;
 He wins the wise and good, with reason's lore ;
 Then strikes their passions with pathetic pow'r ;
 Where vice erects her head, rebukes the page ;
 Mix'd with rebuke, persuasive charms engage ;
 Charms, which the unthinking must to thought excite ;
 Lo ! vice less vicious, virtue more upright :
 Him copy, Codex, that the good and wise,
 Who so abhor thy heart, and head despise,
 May see thee now, tho' late, redeem thy name,
 And glorify what else is damn'd to fame.

But

But should some churchman, apeing wit severe,
 The poet's fure turn'd Baptist—say, and sneer;
 Shame on that narrow mind so often known,
 Which in one mode of faith owns worth alone.
 Sneer on, rail, wrangle! nought this truth repels—
 Virtue is virtue, wheresoe'er she dwells;
 And sure, where learning gives her light to shine,
 Hers is all praise—if hers, 'tis, Foster, thine.
 Thee boast dissenters; we with pride may own
 Our Tillotson; and Rome her Fenelon*.

* In this character of the Rev. James Foster, truth guided the pen of the muse. Mr. Pope paid a tribute to the modest worth of this excellent man: little did he imagine his Rev. Annotator would endeavour to convert his praise into abuse. The character and writings of Foster will be admired and read, when the works of the bitter Controversialist are forgotten.

E.

THE
POET'S DEPENDANCE

ON A
STATESMAN.

SOME seem to hint, and others proof will bring,
That, from neglect, my num'rous hardships spring.
Seek the great man ! they cry—'tis then decreed,
In him if I court fortune, I succeed.

What friends to second ? who for me should sue,
Have int'rests, partial to themselves, in view.

They own my matchless fate compassion draws ;
They all wish well, lament, but drop my cause.

There are who ask no pension, want no place,
No title wish, and would accept no grace.

Can I entreat, they should for me obtain
The least, who greatest for themselves disdain ?

A statesman, knowing this, unkind, will cry,
Those love him : let those serve him !—why shou'd I ?

Say, shall I turn where lucre points my views ;
At first desert my friends, at length abuse ?

But, on less terms, in promise he complies :
Years bury years, and hopes on hopes arise ;

I trust, am trusted on my fairy gain ;
And woes on woes attend, an endless train.

Be

Be posts dispos'd at will !—I have, for these,
 No gold to plead, no impudence to tease.
 All secret service from my soul I hate ;
 All dark intrigues of pleasure, or of state ;
 I have no pow'r, election-votes to gain ;
 No will to hackney out polemic strain ;
 To shape, as time shall serve, my verse, or prose,
 To flatter thence, nor slur a courtier's foes ;
 Nor him to daub with praise, if I prevail ;
 Nor shock'd by him, with libels to assail.
 Where these are not, what claim to me belongs ?
 Tho' mine the muse and virtue, birth and wrongs.

Where lives the statesman, so in honour clear,
 To give where he has nought to hope, nor fear ?
 No !—there to seek, is but to find fresh pain :
 The promise broke, renew'd, and broke again ;
 To be, as humour deigns, receiv'd, refus'd ;
 By turns affronted, and by turns amus'd ;
 To lose that time, which worthier thoughts require ;
 To lose the health, which shou'd those thoughts inspire ;
 To starve on hope ; or, like camelions, fare
 On ministerial faith, which means but air.

But still, undrooping, I the crew disdain,
 Who, or by jobs, or libels, wealth obtain.
 Ne'er let me be, thro' those, from want exempt ;
 In one man's favour, in the world's contempt ;
 Worse in my own !—thro' those, to posts who rise,
 Themselves, in secret, must themselves despise ;

Vile,

Vile, and more vile, till they, at length, disclaim
Not sense alone of glory, but of shame.

What tho' I hourly see the servile herd,
For meanness honour'd, and for guilt prefer'd;
See selfish passion, public virtue seem;
And public virtue an enthusiast dream;
See favour'd falshood, innocence belied,
Meekness depress'd, and pow'r-related pride;
A scene will shew, all-righteous vision haste!
The meek exalted, and the proud debas'd!—
Oh, to be there!—to tread that friendly shore,
Where falshood, pride, and statesmen are no more!

But ere indulg'd—ere fate my breath shall claim,
A poet still is anxious after fame.
What future fame would my ambition crave?
This were my wish, cou'd ought my mem'ry save,
Say, when in death my sorrows lie repos'd,
That my past life, no venal view disclos'd;
Say, I well knew, while in a state obscure,
Without the being base, the being poor;
Say I had parts, too mod'rate to transcend;
Yet sense to mean, and virtue not t' offend;
My heart supplying what my head denied,
Say that, by Pope, esteem'd I liv'd and died;
Whose writings the best rules to write could give;
Whose life the nobler science how to live.

AN

E P I S T L E

TO

DAMON AND DELIA.

HEAR, Damon, Delia hear, in candid lays,
Truth without anger, without flatt'ry, praise !

A bookish mind, with pedantry unfraught,
Oft a sedate yet never gloomy thought :
Prompt to rejoice when others pleasure know,
And prompt to feel the pang for others woe ;
To soften faults, to which a foe is prone,
And, in a friend's perfection, praise your own :
A will sincere, unknown to selfish views ;
A heart of love, of gallantry a muse ;
A delicate, yet not a jealous mind ;
A passion ever fond, yet never blind,
Glowing, with am'rous, yet with guiltless fires,
In ever-eager, never gross desires ;
A modest honour, sacred to contain
From tattling vanity, when smiles you gain ;
Constant most pleas'd when beauty most you please :
Damon ! your picture's shown in tints like these.

Say, Delia, must I chide you or commend ?
Say, must I be your flatt'rer or your friend ?

To

To praise no graces in a rival fair,
 Nor your own foibles in a sister spare;
 Each lover's billet, bant'ring to reveal,
 And never known one secret to conceal;
 Young, fickle, fair, a levity inborn,
 To treat all fighting slaves with flippant scorn;
 An eye, expressive of a wand'ring mind;
 Nor this to read, nor that to think inclin'd;
 Or, when a book or thought from whim retards,
 Intent on songs or novels, drefs or cards;
 Choice to select the party of delight,
 To kill time, thought, and fame in frolic flight;
 To flutter here, to flurry there on wing;
 To talk, to tease, to simper, or to sing;
 To prude it, to coquet it—him to trust,
 Whose vain, loose life, shou'd caution or disgust;
 Him to dislike, whose modest worth shou'd please.—
 Say, is your picture shown in tints like these?
 Yours—you deny it—Hear the point then tried,
 Let judgment, truth, the muse, and love decide.
 What yours!—Nay, fairest trifler, frown not so:
 Is it? the muse with doubt—Love answers no:
 You smile—Is't not? Again the question try!—
 Yes, judgment thinks, and truth will YES, reply.

TO

MISS M . . . H . . . ,

SENT WITH

MR. POPE'S WORKS.

SEE female vice and female folly here,
 Rallied with wit polite, or lash severe :
 Let Pope present such objects to our view ;
 Such are, my fair, the full reverse of you.
 Rapt when, to Loddon's stream * from Windsor's shades,
 He sings the modest charms of sylvan maids ;
 Dear Burford's hills in mem'ry's eye appear,
 And Luddal's spring † still murmurs in my ear :
 But when you cease to bless my longing eyes,
 Dumb is the spring, the joyless prospect dies :
 Come then, my charmer, come ! here transport reigns !
 New health, new youth in spirits all my veins..
 Each hour let intercourse of hearts employ,
 Thou life of loveliness ! thou soul of joy !
 Love wakes the birds—Oh, hear each melting lay !
 Love warms the world—come, charmer, come away !
 But hark !—immortal Pope resumes the lyre !
 Diviner airs, diviner flights, inspire :
 Hark where an angel's language tunes the line !
 See where the thoughts and looks of angels shine !
 Here he pour'd all the music of your tongue,
 And all your looks and thoughts, unconscious sung.

* Alluding to the beautiful Epifode of Loddona in Windsor Forest.

† A spring near Burford.

ON THE
RECOVERY OF A
LADY OF QUALITY
FROM THE SMALL-POX.

LONG a lov'd fair had blest'd her consort's fight,
With am'rous pride, and undisturb'd delight ;
Till Death grown envious, with repugnant aim,
Frown'd at their joys, and urg'd a tyrant's claim.
He summons each disease !—the noxious crew,
Writhing, in dire distortions, strike his view ;
From various plagues, which various natures know,
Forth rushes beauty's fear'd, and fervent foe.
Fierce to the fair, the missile mischief flies,
The sanguine streams in raging ferments rise !
It drives, ignipotent, thro' ev'ry vein,
Hangs on the heart, and burns around the brain !
Now a chill damp the charmer's lustre dims !
Sad o'er her eyes the livid languor swims !
Her eyes, that with a glance could joy inspire,
Like setting stars, scarce shoot a glimm'ring fire.

Here stands her consort, fore, with anguish prest,
Grief in his eye, and terror in his breast.
The Paphian graces, smit with anxious care,
In silent sorrow weep the waning fair.

Eight suns, successive, roll their fire away,
And eight slow nights see their deep shades decay.
While these revolve, tho' mute each muse appears,
Each speaking eye drops eloquence in tears.
On the ninth noon, great Phoebus, list'ning, bends !
On the ninth noon, each voice in pray'r ascends !
Great God of light, of song, and physic's art,
Restore the languid fair, new soul impart !
Her beauty, wit, and virtue, claim thy care,
And thy own bounty's almost rival'd there.
Each paus'd. The God assents. Would Death ad-
vance ?

Phoebus, unseen, arrests the threat'ning lance !
Down from his orb a vivid influ'nce streams,
And quick'ning earth imbibes salubrious beams ;
Each balmy plant, encrease of virtue knows,
And art, inspir'd, with all her patron glows.
The charmer's opening eye, kind hope, reveals,
Kind hope, her consort's breast enliv'ning feels,
Each grace revives, each muse resumes the lyre,
Each beauty brightens with re-lumin'd fire.
As Health's auspicious pow'rs, gay life display,
Death, fullen at the sight, stalks slow away.

T H E
F R I E N D.
A N
E P I S T L E
T O
A A R O N H I L L, E S Q.

O MY lov'd Hill, O thou by heav'n design'd
To charm, to mend, and to adorn mankind!
To thee my hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows tend,
Thou brother, father, nearer yet!—thou friend!
If worldly friendships of cement, divide,
As interests vary, or as whims preside;
If leagues of lux'ry borrow friendship's light,
Or leagues subversive of all social right:
O say, my Hill, in what propitious sphere,
Gain we the friend, pure, knowing, and sincere?
'Tis where the worthy and the wise retire;
There wealth may learn its use, may love inspire;
There may young worth the noblest end obtain,
In want may friends, in friends may knowledge gain;
In knowledge bliss; for wisdom virtue finds,
And brightens mortal to immortal minds.
Kind then, my wrongs, if love, like yours, succeed!
For you, like virtue, are a friend indeed.

Oft when you saw my youth wild error know,
Reproof, soft-hinted, taught the blush to glow.
Young and unform'd, you first my genius rais'd,
Just smil'd when faulty, and when mod'rate prais'd.
Me shun'd, me ruin'd, such a mother's rage !
You sung, till pity wept o'er ev'ry page.
You call'd my lays and wrongs to early fame ;
Yet, yet, th' obdurate mother felt no shame.
Pierc'd as I was ! your counsel soften'd care,
To ease turn'd anguish, and to hope despair.
The man who never wound afflictive feels,
He never felt the balmy worth that heals.
Welcome the wound, when blest with such relief !
For deep is felt the friend, when felt in grief.

From you shall never, but with life, remove
Aspiring genius, condescending love.
When some, with cold, superior looks, redress,
Relief seems insult, and confirms distress :
You, when you view the man with wrongs besieg'd,
While warm you act th' obliger, seem th' oblig'd.

All-winning mild to each of lowly state :
To equals free, unservile to the great ;
Greatness you honour, when by worth acquir'd ;
Worth is by worth in ev'ry rank admir'd.
Greatness you scorn, when titles insult speak ;
Proud to vain pride, to honour'd meekness meek.
That worthless bliss, which others court, you fly ;
That worthy woe, they shun, attracts your eye.

But

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 183

But shall the muse resound alone your praise?
No—let the public friend exalt her lays!
O trace that friend with me!—he's yours!—he's
mine!—

The world's!—beneficent behold him shine!

Is wealth his sphere? If riches, like a tide,
From either India pour their golden pride;
Rich in good works, him other wants employ;
He gives the widow's heart to sing for joy.
To orphans, prisoners, shall his bounty flow;
The weeping family of want and woe.

Is knowledge his? Benevolently great,
In leisure active, and in care sedate;
What aid, his little wealth, perchance, denies,
In each hard instance, his advice supplies.
With modest truth he sets the wand'ring right,
And gives religion pure, primeval light;
In love diffusive, as in light refin'd,
The lib'ral emblem of his Maker's mind.

Is pow'r his orb? He then, like pow'r divine,
On all, tho' with a varied ray, will shine.
Ere pow'r was his, the man, he once carefs'd,
Meets the same faithful smile, and mutual breast:
But asks his friend some dignity of state;
His friend, unequal to th' incumbent weight?
Asks it a stranger, one whom parts inspire
With all a people's welfare would require?

His choice admits no pause ; his gift will prove.
All private, well absorb'd in public love.
He shields his country, when for aid she calls ;
Or shou'd she fall, with her he greatly falls :
But, as proud Rome, with guilty conquest crown'd,
Spread slav'ry, death, and desolation round,
Shou'd e'er his country, for dominion's prize,
Against the sons of men a faction rise,
Glory, in hers, is in his eye disgrace ;
The friend of truth, the friend of human race.

Thus to no one, no sect, no clime confin'd,
His boundless love embraces all mankind ;
And all their virtues in his life are known ;
And all their joys and sorrows are his own.

These are the lights, where stands that friend confess'd ;
This, this the spirit, which informs thy breast.
Thro' fortune's cloud thy genuine worth can shine ;
What wouldst thou not, were wealth and greatness
thine?

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 185

AN.

E P I S T L E

TO

MR. JOHN DYER,
AUTHOR OF GRONGAR-HILL,

IN ANSWER TO HIS FROM THE COUNTRY.

NOW various birds in melting concert sing,
And hail the beauty of the opening spring;
Now to thy dreams the nightingale complains,
Till the lark wakes thee with her cheerful strains;
Wakes, in thy verse and friendship ever kind,
Melodious comfort to my jarring mind.

Oh, could my soul thro' depths of knowledge see,
Cou'd I read nature and mankind like thee,
I should o'ercome, or bear the rocks of fate,
And draw e'en envy to the humblest state.
Thou canst raise honour from each ill event,
From shocks gain vigour, and from want content.

Think not light poetry my life's chief care!
The muse's mansion is, at best, but air;
But, if more solid works my meaning forms,
Th' unfinish'd structures fall by fortune's storms.

Oft have I said we falsely those accuse,
Whose godlike souls life's middle state refuse.

Self-love,

Self-love, I cry'd, there seeks ignoble rest ;
Care sleeps not calm, when millions wake unblest ;
Mean let me shrink, or spread sweet shade o'er all,
Low as the shrub, or as the cedar tall !—
'Twas vain ! 'twas wild !—I fought the middle state,
And found the good, and found the truly great.

Tho' verse can never give my soul her aim ;
Tho' action only claims substantial fame ;
Tho' fate denies what my proud wants require,
Yet grant me, heav'n, by knowledge to aspire :
Thus to enquiry let me prompt the mind ;
Thus clear dimm'd truth, and bid her bless mankind ;
From the pierc'd orphan thus draw shafts of grief,
Arm want with patience, and teach wealth relief !
To serve lov'd liberty inspire my breath !
Or, if my life be useless, grant me death ;
For he, who useless is in life survey'd,
Burthens that world, his duty bids him aid.

Say, what have honours to allure the mind,
Which he gains most, who least has serv'd mankind ?
Titles, when worn by fools I dare despise ;
Yet they claim homage, when they crown the wise.
When high distinction marks deserving heirs,
Desert still dignifies the mark it wears.
But, who to birth alone wou'd honours owe ?
Honours, if true, from seeds of merit grow.
Those trees, with sweetest charms, invite our eyes,
Which, from our own engraftment, fruitful rise.

Still

Still we love best what we with labour gain,
As the child's dearer for the mother's pain.

The Great I wou'd nor envy nor deride ;
Nor stoop to swell a vain Superior's pride ;
Nor view an Equal's hope with jealous eyes ;
Nor crush the wretch beneath, who wailing lies.

My sympathizing breast his grief can feel,
And my eye weep the wound I cannot heal.

Ne'er among friendships let me sow debate,

Nor by another's fall advance my state ;

Nor misuse wit against an absent friend :

Let me the virtues of a foe defend !

In wealth and want true minds preserve their weight ;

Meek, tho' exalted ; tho' disgrac'd elate ;

Gen'rous and grateful, wrong'd or help'd, they live ;

Grateful to serve, and gen'rous to forgive.

This may they learn, who close thy life attend ;

Which, dear in mem'ry, still instructs thy friend.

Tho' cruel distance bars my grosser eye,

My soul, clear-sighted, draws thy virtue nigh ;

Thro' her deep woe that quick'ning comfort gleams,

And lights up Fortitude with Friendship's beams.

V E R S E S.

OCCASIONED BY THE
 VICE-PRINCIPAL
 OF
 ST. MARY-HALL, OXFORD,
 BEING PRESENTED BY
 THE HON. MRS. KNIGHT,
 TO THE LIVING OF GOSFIELD IN ESSEX.

WHILE by mean arts, and meaner patrons rise
 Priests, whom the learned and the good despise;
 This sees fair Knight, in whose transcendant mind,
 Are wisdom, purity, and truth enshrined.
 A modest merit now she plans to lift,
 Thy living, Gosfield, falls her instant gift.
 Let me (she said) reward alone the wise,
 And make the church-revenue virtue's prize.

She sought the man of honest, candid breast,
 In faith, in works of goodness, full exprest;
 Tho' young, yet tut'ring academic youth
 To science moral, and religious truth.
 She sought where the disinterested friend,
 The scholar, sage, and free companion blend;
 The pleasing poet, and the deep divine,
 She sought, she found, and, Hart! the prize was thine.

FULVIA.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 189

F U L V I A.

A P O E M.

LET Fulvia's wisdom be a slave to will,
Her darling passions, scandal and quadrille ;
On friends and foes her tongue a satire known,
Her deeds a satire on herself alone.
On her poor kindred deigns she word or look ?
'Tis cold respect, or 'tis unjust rebuke ;
Worse when good-natur'd than when most severe ;
The jest impure then pains the modest ear.
How just the sceptic ? the divine how odd ?
What turns of wit play smartly on her God ?

The fates, my nearest kindred, foes decree :
Fulvia, when piqu'd at them, strait pities me.
She, like benevolence, a smile bestows,
Favours to me indulge her spleen to those.
The banquet serv'd, with peereesses I sit :
She tells my story, and repeats my wit.
With mouth distorted, thro' a sounding nose
It comes, now homeliness more homely grows.
With fee-saw sounds and nonsense not my own,
She screws her features, and she cracks her tone.
How fine your Bastard ? why so soft a strain ?
What such a mother ? Satirize again !

Oft I object—but fix'd is Fulvia's will—
Ah ! tho' unkind, she is my mother still !

The

The verse now flows, the manuscript she claims.
 'Tis fam'd—The fame each curious fair enflames :
 The wild-fire runs ; from copy, copy grows :
 The Brets, alarm'd, a sep'rate peace propose.
 'Tis ratified—How alter'd Fulvia's look ?
 My wit's degraded, and my cause forfook.
 Thus she : What's poetry, but to amuse ?
 Might I advise—there are more solid views.
 With a cool air she adds : This tale is old :
 Were it my case, it should no more be told.
 Complaints—had I been worthy to advise—
 You know—But when are wits, like women, wise ?
 True, it may take, but think whate'er you list,
 All love the satire, none the satirist.

I start, I stare, stand fix'd, then pause awhile ;
 Then hesitate, then ponder well, then smile.
 Madam—a pension lost—and where's amends ?
 Sir (she replies) indeed you'll lose your friends.
 Why did I start ? 'twas but a change of wind—
 Or the same thing—the lady chang'd her mind.
 I bow, depart, despise, discern her all :
 Nanny revisits, and disgrac'd I fall.

Let Fulvia's friendship whirl with ev'ry whim !
 A reed, a weather-cock, a shade, a dream :
 No more the friendship shall be now display'd
 By weather-cock, or reed, or dream, or shade ;
 To Nanny fix'd unvarying shall it tend,
 For souls, so form'd alike, were form'd to blend.

EPITAPH

E P I T A P H

O N A

Y O U N G L A D Y.

CLOS'D are those eyes, that beam'd seraphic fire ;
Cold is that breast, which gave the world desire ;
Mute is the voice where winning softness warm'd,
Where music melted, and where wisdom charm'd,
And lively wit, which decently confin'd,
No prude e'er thought impure, no friend unkind.

Cou'd modest knowledge, fair untrifling youth,
Persuasive reason, and endearing truth,
Cou'd honour, shewn in friendships most refin'd,
And sense, that shields th' attempted virtuous mind,
The social temper never known to strife,
The height'ning graces that embellish life ;
Cou'd these have e'er the darts of death defied,
Never, ah ! never had Melinda died ;
Nor can she die—e'en now survives her name,
Immortaliz'd by friendship, love, and fame.

THE

GENIUS OF LIBERTY.

A P O E M.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEPARTURE OF
THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1734.

MILD rose the morn ; the face of nature bright
 Wore one extensive smile of calm and light ;
 Wide, o'er the land, did hov'ring silence reign,
 Wide o'er the blue diffusion of the main ;
 When lo ! before me, on the southern shore,
 Stood forth the pow'r, whom Albion's sons adore ;
 Blest Liberty ! whose charge is Albion's isle ;
 Whom Reason gives to bloom, and Truth to smile ;
 Gives Peace to gladden, shelt'ring Law to spread,
 Learning to lift aloft her laurel'd head,
 Rich Industry to view, with pleasing eyes,
 Her fleets, her cities, and her harvests rise.
 In curious emblems, ev'ry art, exprest,
 Glow'd from the loom, and brighten'd on his vest.
 Science in various lights attention won,
 Wav'd on his robe, and glitter'd in the sun.

My

My words, he cry'd, my words observance claim :
 Resound, ye Muses, and receive 'em, Fame !
 Here was my station, when, o'er ocean wide,
 The great, third William stretch'd his naval pride :
 I, with my sacred influence swell'd his soul ;
 Th' enslav'd to free, th' enslaver to controul.
 In vain did waves disperse, and winds detain :
 He came, he sav'd ; in his was seen my reign.
 How just, how great, the plan his soul design'd,
 To humble tyrants, and secure mankind !
 Next Marlbo'ro' in his steps successful trod :
 This godlike plann'd ; that, finish'd like a god !
 And while Oppression fled to realms unknown,
 Europe was free, and Britain glorious shone.

Where Nassau's race extensive growth display'd,
 There Freedom ever found a sheltering shade.
 Still heav'n is kind !—See, from the princely root,
 Millions to bless, the branch auspicious shoot !
 He lives, he flourishes, his honours spread :
 Fair virtues blooming on his youthful head ;
 Nurse him, ye heav'nly dews, ye sunny rays,
 Into firm health, fair fame, and length of days !
 He paus'd, and casting o'er the deep his eye,
 Where the last billow swells into the sky,
 Where, in gay vision, round th' horizon's line,
 The moving clouds with various beauty shine ;
 As dropping from their bosom, ting'd with gold,
 Shoots forth a sail, amusive to behold !

N

Lo !

Lo! while its light the glowing wave returns,
Broad like a sun the bark approaching burns.
Near, and more near, great Nassau soon he spy'd,
And beauteous Anna, Britain's eldest pride!
Thus spoke the Genius, as advanc'd the sail—
Hail, blooming hero! high-born princess, hail!
Thy charms thy mother's love of truth display,
Her light of virtue, and her beauty's ray;
Her dignity; which, copying the divine,
Softened, thro' condescension, learns to shine.
Greatness of thought, with prudence for its guide;
Knowledge, from nature and from art supply'd;
To noblest objects pointed various ways;
Pointed by judgment's clear, unerring rays.

What manly virtues in her mind excel!
Yet on her heart what tender passions dwell!
For ah! what pangs did late her peace destroy,
To part with thee, so wont to give her joy!
How heav'd her breast! how sadden'd was her mien!
All in the mother then was lost the queen.
The swelling tear then dimm'd her parting view,
The struggling sigh stopp'd short her last adieu:
E'en now thy fancied perils fill her mind;
The secret rock, rough wave, and rising wind;
The shoal, so treach'rous, near the tempting land;
Th' ingulfing whirlpool, and the swallowing sand;
These fancied perils all, by day, by night,
In thoughts alarm her, and in dreams affright!

For

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 195

For thee her heart unceasing love declares,
In doubts, in hopes, in wishes, and in pray'rs !
Her pray'rs are heard !—For me, 'tis thine to brave
The sand, the shoal, rock, whirlpool, wind, and wave :
Kind Safety waits, to waft thee gently o'er,
And Joy, to greet thee on the Belgic shore.

May future times, when their fond praise would tell
How most their fav'rite characters excel ;
How blest ! how great !—then may their songs declare,
So great ! so blest !—such Anne and Nassau were.

E GRÆCO RUF.

QUI TE VIDET BEATUS EST,
 BEATIOR QUI TE AUDIET,
 QUI BASIAT SEMIDEUS EST,
 QUI TE POTITUR EST DEUS.

BUCHANAN.

THE FOREGOING LINES PARAPHRASED.

I.

HAPPY the man, who in thy sparkling eyes,
 His am'rous wishes sees, reflecting, play ;
 Sees little laughing Cupids, glancing, rise,
 And, in soft-swimming languor, die away.

II.

Still happier he ! to whom thy meanings roll
 In sounds, which love, harmonious love, inspire ;
 On his charm'd ear fits, rapt, his list'ning soul,
 'Till admiration form intense desire.

III.

Half-deity is he who warm may press
 Thy lip, soft-swelling to the kindling kiss ;
 And may that lip assentive warmth express,
 'Till love draw willing love to ardent bliss !

IV.

Circling thy waist, and circled in thy arms,
 Who, melting on thy mutual-melting breast,
 Entranc'd enjoys love's whole luxurious charms,
 Is all a God !—is of all heav'n possess.

THE

THE
EMPLOYMENT OF BEAUTY.

A P O E M.

ADDRESSED
TO MRS. BRIDGET JONES,
A YOUNG

WIDOW LADY OF LLANELLY, CARMARTHENSHIRE.

ONCE Beauty, wishing fond desire to move,
Contriv'd to catch the heart of wand'ring Love.
Come purest atoms ! Beauty aid implores ;
For new soft texture leave etherial stores.
They come, they crowd, they shining hues unfold,
Be theirs a form which Beauty's self shall mould !
To mould my charmer's form she all apply'd—
Whence Cambria boasts the birth of Nature's pride.

She calls the Graces—Such is Beauty's state,
Prompt, at her call, th' obedient Graces wait.
First your fair feet they shape, and shape to please ;
Each stands design'd for dignity and ease.
Firm, on these curious pedestals, depend
Two polish'd pillars ; which, as fair, ascend ;

From well-wrought knees, more fair, more large they
rise ;

Seen by the muse, tho' hid from mortal eyes.

More polish'd yet, your fabric each sustains ;

That purest temple where perfection reigns.

A small, sweet circle forms your faultless waist,

By Beauty shap'd, to be by Love embrac'd.

Beyond that less'ning waist two orbs devise,

What swelling charms, in fair proportion, rise !

Fresh-peeping there, two blushing buds are found,

Each like a rose, which lilies white surround.

There feeling sense, let pitying sighs inspire,

Till panting pity swells to warm desire :

Desire, tho' warm, is chaste ; each warmest kiss,

All rapture chaste, when Hymen bids the bliss.

Rounding and soft, two taper arms descend ;

Two snow-white hands, in taper fingers, end.

Lo ! cunning Beauty, on each palm, designs

Love's fortune and your own, in mystic lines ;

And lovely whitene's, either arm contains,

Diversified with azure-wand'ring veins ;

The wand'ring veins conceal a gen'rous flood,

The purple treasure of celestial blood.

Rounding and white your neck, as curious, rears

O'er all a face, where Beauty's self appears.

Her soft attendants smooth the spotless skin,

And, smoothly-oval, turn the shapely chin ;

The

The shapely chin, to Beauty's rising face,
 Shall, doubling gently, give a double grace,
 And soon sweet-opening, rosy lips disclose
 The well-rang'd teeth, in lily-whitening rows;
 Here life is breath'd, and florid life assumes
 A breath, whose fragrance vies with vernal blooms;
 And two fair cheeks give modesty to raise
 A beauteous blush at praise, tho' just the praise.
 And nature now, from each kind ray, supplies
 Soft, clement smiles, and love-inspiring eyes;
 New Graces, to those eyes, mild shades allow;
 Fringe their fair lids, and pencil either brow.
 While sense of vision lights up orbs so rare,
 May none, but pleasing objects, visit there!
 Two little porches, (which, one sense empow'rs,
 To draw rich scent from aromatic flow'rs)
 In structure neat, and deck'd with polish'd grace,
 Shall equal first, then heighten beauty's face.
 To smelling sense, Oh, may the flow'ry year,
 Its first, last, choicest incense offer here.
 Transparent next, two curious crescents bound
 The two-fold entrance of inspiring sound,
 And, granting a new power of sense to hear,
 New finer organs form each curious ear;
 Form to imbibe what most the soul can move,
 Music and Reason, Poesy and Love.
 Next, on an open front, is pleasing wrought
 A pensive sweetness, born of patient thought:

Above your lucid shoulders locks display'd,
Prone to descend, shall soften light with shade.
All, with a nameless air and mien unite,
And, as you move, each movement is delight.
Tun'd is your melting tongue, and equal mind,
At once by knowledge heighten'd and refin'd.

The Virtues next to Beauty's nod incline ;
For, where they lend not light, she cannot shine ;
Let these, the temp'rate sense of taste reveal,
And give, while nature spreads the simple meal,
The palate pure, to relish health design'd,
From luxury as taintless as your mind.
The Virtues, Chastity and Truth impart,
And mould to sweet benevolence your heart.

Thus Beauty finish'd—Thus she gains the sway,
And Love still follows where she leads the way.
From ev'ry gift of heav'n, to charm is thine ;
To love, to praise, and to adore, be mine.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 201

V E R S E S

SENT TO

MRS. BRIDGET JONES,

WITH

THE WANDERER, A POEM:

ALLUDING TO AN EPISODE,

WHERE A YOUNG MAN TURNS HERMIT FOR THE
LOSS OF HIS WIFE OLYMPIA.

WHEN with delight fond Love on Beauty dwelt,
While this the youth, and that the fair exprest,
Faint was his joy compar'd to what I felt,
When in my angel Biddy's presence blest.

Tell her, my muse, in soft, sad, sighing breath,
If she his piercing grief can pitying see,
Worse than to him was his Olympia's death,
From her each moment's absence is to me.

O N

O N

FALSE HISTORIANS:

A S A T I R E.

SURE of all plagues with which dull prose is curst,
 Scandals, from false historians, spot the worst.
 In quest of these the muse shall first advance,
 Bold, to explore the regions of romance;
 Romance, call'd Hist'ry—Lo! at once she skims
 The visionary world of monkish whims;
 Where fallacy, in legends, wildly shines,
 And vengeance glares from violated shrines;
 Where saints perform all tricks, and startle thought
 With many a miracle that ne'er was wrought;
 Saints that ne'er liv'd, or such as justice paints,
 Jugglers on superstition palm'd for saints.
 Here, canoniz'd, let creed-mongers be shown,
 Red-letter'd saints, and red assassins known;
 While those they martyr'd, such as angels rose!
 All black enroll'd among religion's foes,
 Snatch'd by sulphureous clouds, a LYE proclaims
 Number'd with fiends, and plung'd in endless flames.

Hist'ry, from air or deep draws many a spright,
 Such as, from nurse or priest, might boys affright;

Or such as but o'er fev'rish slumbers fly,
 And fix in melancholy frenzy's eye.
 Now meteors make enthusiast-wonder stare,
 And image wild portentous wars in air !
 Seers fall intranc'd ! some wizard's lawless skill
 Now whirls, now fetters nature's works at will
 Thus Hist'ry, by machine, mock-epic seems,
 Not from poetic, but from monkish dreams.
 The dev'l, who priest and forc'rer must obey,
 The forc'rer us'd to raise, the parson lay.
 When Eachard wav'd his pen, the hist'ry shows,
 The parson conjur'd, and the fiend arose.
 A camp at distance, and the scene a wood,
 Here enter'd Noll, and there old Satan stood :
 No tail his rump, his foot no hoof reveal'd ;
 Like a wise cuckold, with his horns conceal'd :
 Not a gay serpent glitt'ring to the eye ;
 But more than serpent, or than harlot fly :
 For, lawyer-like, a fiend no wit can 'scape,
 The demon stands confest in proper shape !
 Now spreads his parchment, now is sign'd the scroll ;
 Thus Noll gains empire, and the dev'l has Noll.

Wond'rous historian ! thus account for evil,
 And thus for its success—'tis all the devil.
 Tho' ne'er that dev'l we saw, yet one we see,
 One of an author sure, and—thou art he.

But dusky phantoms, muse, no more pursue !
 Now clearer objects open—yet untrue.

Awful

Awful the genuine historian's name !
False ones—with what materials build they fame ;
Fabricks of fame, by dirty means made good,
As nests of martins are compil'd of mud.
Peace be with Curl—with him I wave all strife,
Who pens each felon's, and each actor's life ;
Biography that cooks the devil's martyrs,
And lards with luscious rapes the cheats of Chartres.

Materials, which belief in gazettes claim,
Loose-strung, run gingling into hist'ry's name.
Thick as Egyptian clouds of raining flies ;
As thick as worms where man corrupting lies ;
As pests obscene that haunt the ruin'd pile ;
As monsters flound'ring in the muddy Nile ;
Minutes, Memoirs, Views and Reviews appear,
Where slander darkens each recorded year.
In a past reign is feign'd some am'rous league ;
Some ring or letter now reveals th' intrigue :
Queens, with their minions, work unseemly things,
And boys grow dukes, when catamites to kings.
Does a prince die ? What poisons they surmise !
No royal mortal sure by nature dies.
Is a prince born ? What birth more base believ'd ?
Or, what's more strange, his mother ne'er conceiv'd !
Thus slander popular, o'er truth prevails,
And easy minds imbibe romantic tales.
Thus, 'stead of history, such authors raise
Mere crude wild novels of bad hints for plays.

Some

Some usurp names—an English garreteer,
From Minutes forg'd, is Monsieur Menager*.

Some, while on good or ill success they stare,
Give conduct a complexion dark or fair :
Others, as little to enquiry prone,
Account for actions, tho' their spring's unknown.

One statesman vices has, and virtues too ;
Hence will contested character ensue.
View but the black, he's fiend ; the bright but scan,
He's angel : view him all—he's still a man.
But such historians all accuse, acquit ;
No virtue these, and those no vice admit ;
For either in a friend no fault will know,
And neither own a virtue in a foe.

Where hear-say knowledge sits on public names,
And bold conjecture or extols or blames,
Spring party-libels ; from whose ashes dead,
A monster, misnam'd Hist'ry, lifts its head.
Contending factions croud to hear its roar !
But when once heard, it dies to noise no more.
From these no answer, no applause from those,
O'er half they simper, and o'er half they doze.

* THE MINUTES OF MONS. MENAGER ; a book calculated to vilify the administration in the four last years of queen Anne's reign. The truth is, that this libel was not written by Mons. Menager, neither was any such book ever printed in the French tongue, from which it is impudently said in the title-page to be translated.

So when in senate, with egregious pate,
 Perks up Sir in some deep debate ;
 He hems, looks wise, tunes thin his lab'ring throat,
 To prove black white, postpone or palm the vote :
 In fly contempt, some, Hear him ! Hear him ! cry ;
 Some yawn, some sneer ; none second, none reply,
 But dare such miscreants now rush abroad,
 By blanket, cane, pump, pillory, unaw'd ?
 Dare they imp falsehood thus, and plume her wings,
 From present characters, and recent things ?
 Yes : what untruths ! or truths in what disguise !
 What Boyers and what Oldmixons arise !
 What facts from all but them and slander screen'd ?
 Here meets a council, no where else conven'd ;
 There, from originals, come, thick as spawn,
 Letters ne'er wrote, memorials never drawn ;
 To secret conf'rence never held they yoke,
 Treaties ne'er plann'd, and speeches never spoke.
 From, Oldmixon, thy brow, too well we know,
 Like sin from Satan's, far and wide they go.

In vain may St. John safe in conscience sit ;
 In vain with truth confute, condemn with wit :
 Confute, condemn, amid selected friends ;
 There sinks the justice, there the satire ends.
 Here, tho' a cent'ry scarce such leaves uncloze,
 From mould and dust the slander sacred grows.
 Now none reply where all despise the page ;
 But will dumb scorn deceive no future age ?

Then,

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 307

Then, should dull periods cloud not seeming fact,
Will no fine pen th' unanswer'd lie extract ?
Well-set in plan, and polish'd into stile,
Fair and more fair may finish'd fraud beguile ;
By ev'ry language snatch'd, by time receiv'd,
In ev'ry clime, by ev'ry age believ'd :
How vain to virtue trust the great their name,
When such their lot for infamy or fame ?

A CHA-

A

C H A R A C T E R.

FAIR Truth, in courts where Justice should preside,
 Alike the Judge and Advocate would guide;
 And these would vie each dubious point to clear,
 To stop the widow's and the orphan's tear;
 Were all, like York, of delicate address,
 Strength to discern, and sweetness to express,
 Learn'd, just, polite, born ev'ry heart to gain,
 Like Cummins mild; like * Fortescue humane,
 All-eloquent of truth, divinely known,
 So deep, so clear, all Science is his own.

Of heart impure, and impotent of head,
 In hist'ry, rhet'ric, ethics, law unread;
 How far unlike such worthies, once a drudge,
 From flound'ring in low cases, rose a Judge.
 Form'd to make pleaders laugh, his nonsense thunders,
 And, on low juries, breathes contagious blunders.
 His brothers blush, because no blush he knows,
 Nor e'er † 'one uncorrupted finger shows.'
 See, drunk with pow'r, the circuit-lord express!
 Full, in his eye, his betters stand confest;
 Whose wealth, birth, virtue, from a tongue so loose,
 'Scape not provincial, vile buffoon abuse.

* The honourable William Fortescue, Esq; one of the justices of his Majesty's Court of Common Pleas.

† When Page one uncorrupted finger shows.

D. of WHARTON.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 209

Still to what circuit is assign'd his name,
 There, swift before him, flies the warner—Fame.
 Contest stops short, Consent yields ev'ry cause
 To cost; Delay, endures 'em, and withdraws.
 But how 'scape pris'ners? To their trial chain'd,
 All, all shall stand condemn'd, who stand arraign'd.
 Dire guilt, which else would detestation cause,
 Prejudg'd with insult, wond'rous pity draws.
 But 'scapes e'en Innocence his harsh harangue?
 Alas!—e'en Innocence itself must hang;
 Must hang to please him, when of spleen possess'd;
 Must hang to bring forth an abortive jest.

Why liv'd he not ere Star-chambers had fail'd,
 When fine, tax, censure, all but law prevail'd;
 Or law, subservient to some murd'rous will,
 Became a precedent to murder still?
 Yet e'en when patriots did for traitors bleed,
 Was e'er the jobb to such a slave decreed,
 Whose savage mind wants sophist-art to draw,
 O'er murder'd virtue, specious veils of law?

Why, Student, when the bench your youth admits;
 Where, tho' the worst, with the best rank'd he sits;
 Where sound opinions you attentive write,
 As once a Raymond, now a Lee to cite.
 Why pause you scornful when he dins the court?
 Note well his cruel quirks and well report.
 Let his own words against himself point clear
 Satire more sharp than verse when most severe.

O

EPITAPH

E P I T A P H

ON MRS. JONES,

GRANDMOTHER

TO MRS. BRIDGET JONES,

OF LLANELLY IN CARMARTHENSHIRE.

IN her, whose relicks mark this sacred earth,
 Shone all domestic and all social worth :
 First, heav'n her hope with early offspring crown'd ;
 And thence a second race rose num'rous round.
 Heav'n to industrious virtue blessing lent,
 And all was competence, and all content.
 Tho' frugal care, in Wisdom's eye admir'd,
 Knew to preserve what industry acquir'd ;
 Yet, at her board, with decent plenty blest,
 The journeying stranger sat a welcome guest.
 Prest on all sides, did trading neighbours fear
 Ruin, which hung o'er exigence severe ?
 Farewel the friend, who spar'd th' assistant loan—
 A neighbour's woe or welfare was her own.
 Did piteous lazars oft attend her door ?
 She gave—farewel, the parent of the poor.
 Youth, age, and want, once cheer'd, now fighting swell,
 Bless her lov'd name, and weep a last farewell.

VALEN-

VALENTINE'S DAY.

A P O E M.

ADDRESSED

TO A YOUNG WIDOW LADY.

ADIEU, ye rocks that witness'd once my flame,
 Return'd my sighs, and echo'd Chloe's name!
 Cambria, farewell!—my Chloe's charms no more
 Invite my steps along Llanelly's shore;
 There no wild dens conceal voracious foes,
 The beach no fierce, amphibious monster knows;
 No crocodile there flesh'd with prey appears,
 And o'er that bleeding prey weeps cruel tears;
 No false hyæna, feigning human grief,
 There murders him, whose goodness means relief:
 Yet tides, conspiring with unfaithful ground,
 Tho' distant seen, with treach'rous arms surround.
 There quicksands, thick as beauty's snares, annoy,
 Look fair to tempt, and whom they tempt, destroy.
 I watch'd the seas, I pac'd the sands with care,
 Escap'd, but wildly rush'd on beauty's snare.
 Ah!—better far, than by that snare o'erpower'd,
 Had sands engulf'd me, or had seas devour'd.

Far from that shore, where syren-beauty dwells,
 And wraps sweet ruin in resistless spells;

From Cambrian plains ; which Chloë's lustre boast,
Me native England yields a safer coast.

Chloe, farewell !—Now seas, with boist'rous pride,
Divide us, and will ever far divide :

Yet while each plant, which vernal youth resumes,
Feels the green blood ascend in future blooms ;
While little feather'd songsters of the air

In woodlands tuneful woo and fondly pair,
The muse exults, to beauty tunes the lyre,
And willing Loves, the swelling notes inspire.

Sure on this day, when hope attains success,
Bright Venus first did young Adonis bless,
Her charms not brighter, Chloë, sure, than thine ;
Tho' flush'd his youth, not more his warmth than mine,
Sequester'd far within a myrtle grove,
Whose blooming bosom courts retiring love ;
Where a clear sun, the blue serene displays,
And sheds, thro' vernal air, attemper'd rays ;
Where flow'rs their aromatic incense bring,
And fragrant flourish in eternal spring ;
There mate to mate each dove responsive coos,
While this assents, as that enamour'd woos.
There rills amusive, fend from rocks around,
A solitary, pleasing, murm'ring sound ;
Then form a limpid lake. The lake serene
Reflects the wonders of the blissful scene.
To love the birds attune their chirping throats,
And on each breeze immortal music floats.

There,

There, seated on a rising turf is seen,
 Graceful, in loose array, the Cyprian queen;
 All fresh and fair, all mild, as Ocean gave
 The goddess, rising from the azure wave;
 Dishevel'd locks distil celestial dews,
 And all her limbs, divine perfumes diffuse.
 Her voice so charms, the plummy, warb'ling throngs,
 In list'ning wonder lost, suspend their songs.
 It sounds—' Why loiters my Adonis?'—cry,
 ' Why loiters my Adonis?'—rocks reply.
 ' Oh, come away!'—they thrice, repeating, say;
 And Echo thrice repeats,—' Oh, come away!'—
 Kind zephyrs waft 'em to her lover's ears;
 Who, instant at th' enchanting call, appears.
 Her placid eye, where sparkling joy refines,
 Benignant, with alluring lustre shines.
 His locks, which in loose ringlets, charm the view,
 Float careless, lucid from their amber hue.
 A myrtle wreath, her rosy fingers frame,
 Which, from her hand, his polish'd temples claim;
 His temples fair, a streaking beauty stains,
 As smooth white marble shines with azure veins.
 He kneel'd. Her snowy hand, he trembling seiz'd,
 Just lifted to his lip, and gently squeez'd;
 The meaning squeeze return'd, love caught its lore
 And enter'd, at his palm, thro' ev'ry pore.
 Then swell'd her downy breasts, till then enclos'd,
 Fast-heaving, half-conceal'd and half-expos'd:

Soft she reclines. He, as they fall and rise,
 Hangs, hov'ring o'er 'em, with enamour'd eyes,
 And, warm'd, grows wanton—as he thus admir'd,
 He pry'd, he touch'd, and with the touch, was fir'd.
 Half-angry, yet half-pleas'd, her frown beguiles
 The boy to fear; but, at his fear, she smiles.
 The youth less tim'rous, and the fair less coy,
 Supinely am'rous they reclining toy.
 More am'rous still his sanguine meanings stole
 In wistful glances, to her soft'ning soul:
 In her fair eye her soft'ning soul he reads;
 To freedom, freedom, boon, to boon, succeeds.
 With conscious blush, th' impassion'd charmer burns;
 And, blush for blush, th' impassion'd youth returns.
 They look, they languish, sigh with pleasing pain,
 And wish and gaze, and gaze and wish again.
 'Twixt her white, parting bosom steals the boy,
 And more than hope preludes tumultuous joy;
 Thro' ev'ry vein the vig'rous transport ran,
 Strung ev'ry nerve, and brac'd the boy to man.
 Struggling, yet yielding, half o'erpower'd, she pants,
 Seems to deny, and yet, denying, grants.
 Quick, like the tendrils of a curling vine,
 Fond limbs with limbs, in am'rous folds, entwine.
 Lips press on lips, careffing, and carest,
 Now eye darts flame to eye, and breast to breast.
 All she resigns, as dear desires incite,
 And rapt, he reach'd the brink of full delight.

Her

Her waist compress'd in his exulting arms,
 He storms, explores, and rifles all her charms;
 Clasps in extatic bliss th' expiring fair,
 And, thrilling, melting, nestling, riots there.

How long the rapture lasts, how soon it fleets,
 How oft it pauses, and how oft repeats;
 What joys they both receive and both bestow,
 Virgins may guess, but wives experienc'd know:
 From joys, like these, (Ah, why deny'd to me?)
 Sprung a fresh, blooming boy, my fair, from thee.
 May he, a new Adonis, lift his crest,
 In all the florid grace of youth confest!
 First let him learn to lisp your lover's name,
 And, when he reads, here annual read my flame.
 When beauty first shall wake his genial fire,
 And the first tingling sense excite desire;
 When the dear object, of his peace possess'd,
 Gains and still gains on his unguarded breast:
 Then may he say, as he this verse reviews,
 So my bright mother charm'd the poet's muse.
 His heart thus flutter'd oft 'twixt doubt and fear,
 Lighten'd with hope, and sadden'd with despair.
 Say, on some rival did she smile too kind?
 Ah, read—what jealousy distracts his mind!
 Smil'd she on him? He imag'd rays divine,
 And gaz'd and gladden'd with a love like mine.
 How dwelt her praise upon his raptur'd tongue!
 Ah!—when she frown'd, what plaintive notes he sung!

And could the frown on him—Ah, wherefore, tell!
On him, whose only crime was loving well?

Thus may thy son, his pangs with mine compare;
Then wish his mother had been kind as fair.
For him may Love the myrtle wreath entwine;
Tho' the sad willow suits a woe like mine!
Ne'er may the filial hope, like me, complain!
Ah! never sigh and bleed, like me, in vain!

When death affords that peace which love denies,
Ah, no!—far other scenes my fate supplies;
When earth to earth my lifeless corse is laid,
And o'er it hangs the yew or cypress shade:
When pale I flit along the dreary coast,
An hapless lover's pining plaintive ghost;
Here annual on this dear returning day,
While feather'd choirs renew the melting lay;
May you, my fair, when you these strains shall see,
Just spare one sigh, one tear to love and me,
Me, who, in absence or in death, adore
Those heavenly charms I must behold no more.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 217

TO

JOHN POWELL, ESQ.

BARRISTER AT LAW.

IN me, long absent, long with anguish fraught,
In me, tho' silence long has deaden'd thought,
Yet mem'ry lives, and calls the muse's aid,
To snatch our friendship from oblivion's shade.
As soon the sun shall cease the world to warm,
As soon Llanelly's * fair that world to charm,
As grateful sense of goodness, true like thine,
Shall e'er desert a breast so warm as mine.

When imag'd Cambria strikes my mem'ry's eye,
(Cambria, my darling scene!) I, sighing, cry
Where is my Powell? dear associate!—where?
To him I would unbosom ev'ry care;
To him, who early felt, from beauty, pain;
Gall'd in a plighted, faithless virgin's chain.
At length, from her ungen'rous fetters freed,
Again he loves! he woos! his hopes succeed!
But the gay bridegroom, still by fortune cross'd,
Is, instant, in the weeping wid'wer lost.
Her, his sole joy! her from his bosom torn,
What feeling heart, but learns, like his, to mourn?

* Mrs. Bridget Jones. See vol. II. p. 197, 201.

Can nature then, such sudden shocks sustain?
Nature thus struck, all reason pleads in vain!
Tho' late, from reason yet he draws relief,
Dwells on her mem'ry; but dispels his grief.
Love, wealth and fame (tyrannic passions all!)
No more enflame him, and no more enthrall.
He seeks no more, in Rufus' hall, renown;
Nor envies Pelf the jargon of the gown;
But pleas'd with competence, on rural plains,
His wisdom courts that ease his worth obtains.
Would private jars, which sudden rise, encrease?
His candour smiles all discord into peace.
To party storms is public weal resign'd?
Each steady, patriot-virtue steers his mind.
Calm, on the beach, while madd'ning billows rave,
He gains philosophy from ev'ry wave;
Science, from ev'ry object round, he draws;
From various nature and from nature's laws.
He lives o'er ev'ry past historic age;
He calls forth ethics from the fabled page.
Him evangelic truth, to thought excites;
And him, by turns, each classic muse delights.
With wit well-natur'd; wit, that would disdain
A pleasure rising from another's pain;
Social to all, and most of bliss possess,
When most he renders all, around him, blest:
To unread squires, illiterally gay;
Among the learn'd, as learned full as they;

With

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 219

With the polite, all, all-accomplish'd ease,
By nature form'd, without deceit, to please.

Thus shines thy youth ; and thus, my friend, elate
In bliss as well as worth, is truly great.

Me still should ruthless fate, unjust, expose
Beneath those clouds, that rain unnumber'd woes ;

Me, to some nobler sphere, should fortune raise,

To wealth conspicuous, and to laurel'd praise :

Unalter'd yet be love and friendship mine ;

I still am Chloe's, and I still am thine.

THE
VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A P O E M

ON HER

MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1731-2.

No. I.

TWICE twenty tedious moons have roll'd away,
Since hope, kind flatt'rer! tun'd my penfive lay,
Whisp'ring, that You, who rais'd me from despair,
Meant, by Your smiles, to make life worth my care;
With pitying hand an orphan's tears to skreen,
And o'er the motherless extend the queen.
'Twill be—the prophet guides the poet's strain!
Grief never touch'd a heart like Your's in vain:
Heav'n gave You pow'r, because You love to bless,
And pity, when You feel it, is redress.

Two fathers join'd to rob my claim of one!
My mother too thought fit to have no son!
The Senate next, whose aid the helpless own,
Forgot my infant wrongs, and mine alone!
Yet parents pityless, nor peers unkind,
Nor titles lost, nor woes mysterious join'd,
Strip me of hope—by heav'n thus lowly laid,
To find a Pharaoh's daughter in the shade.

You

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 271

You cannot hear unmov'd, when wrongs implore;
Your heart is woman, tho' Your mind be more;
Kind, like the pow'r who gave You to our pray'rs;
You would not lengthen life to sharpen cares;
They, who a barren leave to live bestow,
Snatch but from death to sacrifice to woe.
Hated by her from whom my life I drew,
Whence should I hope, if not from heav'n and You?
Nor dare I groan beneath affliction's rod,
My queen my mother, and my father—God:

The pitying muses saw me wit pursue;
A Bastard-son, alas! on that side too,
Did not Your eyes exalt the poet's fire;
And what the muse denies, the Queen inspire;
While rising thus Your heav'nly soul to view,
I learn, how angels think, by copying You.

Great Princess! 'tis decreed—once ev'ry year
I march uncall'd your Laureat Volunteer;
Thus shall your poet his low genius raise,
And charm the world with truths too vast for praise.
Nor need I dwell on glories all your own,
Since surer means to tempt your smiles are known;
Your poet shall allot your Lord his part,
And paint him in his noblest throne—your heart.

Is there a greatness that adorns Him best,
A rising wish, that ripens in his breast?
Has He foremeant some distant age to bless,
Disarm oppression, or expel distress?

Plans

Plans he some scheme to reconcile mankind,
People the seas, and busy ev'ry wind ?
Would He by pity the deceiv'd reclaim,
And smile contending factions into shame ?
Would his example lend his laws a weight,
And breathe his own soft morals o'er a state ?
The muse shall find it all, shall make it seen,
And teach the world his praise, to charm his Queen.

Such be the annual truths my verse imparts,
Nor frown, fair fav'rite of a people's hearts !
Happy if plac'd, perchance, beneath your eye,
My muse, unpension'd, might her pinions try ;
Fearless to fail, whilst you indulge her flame,
And bid me proudly boast Your Laureat's name ;
Benobled thus by wreaths my Queen bestows,
I lose all memory of wrongs and woes.

THE
VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A P O E M

ON HER

MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1732-3.

No. II.

“ GREAT Princefs, 'tis decreed! once ev'ry year,
“ I march uncall'd, your Laureat-Volunteer.”
So fung the muse ; nor fung the muse in vain :
My Queen accepts, the year renews the strain.
Ere first your influence shone with heav'nly aid,
Each thought was terror ; for each view was shade.
Fortune to life each flow'ry path deny'd ;
No science learn'd to bloom, no lay to glide.
Instead of hallow'd hill, or vocal vale,
Or stream, sweet-echoing to the tuneful tale ;
Damp dens confin'd, or barren desarts spread,
Which spectres haunted, and the muses fled ;
Ruins in penfive emblem seem'd to rise,
And all was dark, or wild, to Fancy's eyes.

But hark ! a gladd'ning voice all nature hears !
Disperse, ye glooms ! a day of joy appears ?
Hail, happy day !—'Twas on thy glorious morn,
The first, the fairest of her sex was born !

How

How swift the change? Cold, wint'ry sorrows fly;
 Where-e'er she looks, delight surrounds the eye!
 Mild shines the sun, the woodlands warble round,
 The vales sweet echo, sweet the rocks resound!
 In cordial air soft fragrance floats along;
 Each scene is verdure, and each voice is song!

Shoot from yon orb divine, ye quick'ning rays!
 Boundless, like her benevolence, ye blaze!
 Soft emblems of her bounty, fall ye showers!
 And sweet ascend, and fair unfold ye flowers!
 Ye roses, lilies, you we earliest claim,
 In whiteness, and in fragrance, match her fame!
 'Tis yours to fade, to fame like hers is due
 Undying sweets, and bloom for ever new.
 Ye blossoms, that one varied landscape rise,
 And send your scented tribute to the skies;
 Diffusive like yon Royal Branches smile,
 Grace the young year, and glad the grateful isle!
 Attend, ye muses! mark the feather'd quires!
 Those the spring wakes, as you the Queen inspires.
 O, let her praise for ever swell your song!
 Sweet let your sacred streams the notes prolong,
 Clear, and more clear, thro' all my lays refine;
 And there let heav'n and her reflected shine!

As when chill blights from vernal suns retire,
 Cheerful the vegetative world aspire,
 Put forth unfolding blooms, and waving try
 Th' enlivening influence of a milder sky;

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 225

So gives her birth, (like yon approaching spring,)
The land to flourish, and the muse to sing.

'Twas thus, Zenobia, on Palmyra's throne,
In learning, beauty, and in virtue shone;
Beneath her rose, Longinus, in thy name,
The poet's, critick's, and the patriot's fame!
Is there (so high be you, great Princess, prais'd!)
A woe unpitied, or a worth unrais'd?
Art learns to soar by your sweet influence taught;
In life well cherish'd; nor in death forgot:
In death, as life, the learn'd your goodness tell!
Witness the sacred busts of Richmond's cell!
Sages, who in unfading light will shine;
Who grasp'd at science, like your own, divine!

The muse, who hails with song this glorious morn,
Now looks thro' days, thro' months, thro' years unborn;
All white they rise, and in their course express
A king by kings rever'd, by subjects blest!
A queen, where-e'er true greatness spreads in fame;
Where learning tow'rs beyond her sex's aim;
Where pure religion no extream can touch,
Of faith too little, nor of zeal too much;
Where these behold, as on this blest'd of morns,
What love protects 'em, and what worth adorns;
Where-e'er diffusive goodness smiles, a Queen
Still prais'd with rapture, as with wonder seen!

See nations round, of ev'ry wish possess!
Life in each eye, and joy in ev'ry breast!

Shall I, on what I lightly touch, explain ?
Shall I (vain thought!) attempt the finish'd strain ?
No!—let the poet stop unequal lays,
And to the just historian yield your praise.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 227

THE
VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A P O E M

ON HER

MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1734-5.

No. IV.

IN youth no parent nurs'd my infant songs,
'Twas mine to be inspir'd alone by wrongs ;
Wrongs, that with life their fierce attack began,
Drank infant tears, and still pursue the man.
Life scarce is life—Dejection all is mine ;
The power, that loves in lonely shades to pine ;
Of faded cheek, of unelated views ;
Whose weaken'd eyes the rays of hope refuse.
'Tis mine the mean, inhuman pride to find ;
Who shuns th' oppress'd, to fortune only kind ;
Whose pity's insult, and whose cold respect
Is keen as scorn, ungen'rous as neglect.
Void of benevolent, obliging grace,
Ev'n dubious friendship half averts his face.
Thus sunk in sickness, thus with woes oppress'd,
How shall the fire awake within my breast ?
How shall the muse her flagging pinions raise ?
How tune her voice to Carolina's praise ?

P 2

From

From jarring thought no tuneful raptures flow ;
These with fair days, and gentle seasons glow :
Such give alone sweet Philomel to sing,
And Philomel's the poet of the spring.

But soft, my soul ! see yon celestial light !
Before whose lambent lustre breaks the night.
It glads me like the morning clad in dews,
And beams reviving from the vernal muse :
Inspiring joyous peace, 'tis she ! 'tis she !
A stranger long to misery and me.

Her verdant mantle gracefully declines,
And, flow'r-embroider'd, as it varies, shines.
To form her garland, Zephir, from his wing,
Throws the first flow'rs and foliage of the spring.
Her looks how lovely ! health and joy have lent
Bloom to her cheek, and to her brow content.
Behold, sweet-beaming, her ethereal eyes !
Soft as the Pleiads o'er the dewy skies.
She blunts the point of care, alleviates woes,
And pours the balm of comfort and repose ;
Bids the heart yield to Virtue's silent call,
And shews Ambition's sons mere children all ;
Who hunt for toys which please with tinsel shine ;
For which they squabble, and for which they pine.
Oh ! hear her voice, more mellow than the gale,
That breath'd thro' shepherd's pipe, enchants the vale !
Hark ! she invites from city smoke and noise,
Vapours impure, and from impurer joys ;

From

From various evils, that, with rage combin'd,
 Untune the body, and pollute the mind :
 From crowds, to whom no social faith belongs,
 Who tread one circle of deceit and wrongs ;
 With whom politeness is but civil guile,
 And laws oppress, exerted by the vile.
 To this oppos'd, the muse presents the scene ;
 Where sylvan pleasures ever smile serene ;
 Pleasures that emulate the blest above,
 Health, innocence, and peace, the muse, and love ;
 Pleasures that ravish, while alternate wrought
 By friendly converse, and abstracted thought.
 These sooth my throbbing breast. No loss I mourn ;
 Tho' both from riches and from grandeur torn.
 Weep I a cruel mother ? No—I've seen,
 From heav'n, a pitying, a maternal queen.
 One gave me life ; but would no comfort grant ;
 She more than life resum'd by giving want.
 Would she the being which she gave destroy ?
 My queen gives life, and bids me hope for joy.
 Honour and wealth I chearfully resign ;
 If competence, if learned ease be mine !
 If I by mental, heartfelt joys be fir'd,
 And in the vale, by all the muse inspir'd !

Here cease my plaint—See yon enliv'ning scenes !
 Child of the spring ! Behold the best of Queens !
 Softness and beauty rose this heav'nly morn,
 Dawn'd Wisdom, and Benevolence was born.

Joy, o'er a people, in her influence rose ;
 Like that which spring o'er rural nature throws.
 War to the peaceful pipe resigns his roar,
 And breaks his billows on some distant shore.
 Domestic discord sinks beneath her smile,
 And arts, and trade, and plenty glad the isle.
 Lo ! Industry surveys, with feasted eyes,
 His due reward, a plenteous harvest rise !
 Nor (taught by Commerce) joys in that alone ;
 But sees the harvest of a world his own.
 Hence thy just praise, thou mild, majestic Thames !
 Rich river ! richer than Pactolus' streams !
 Than those renown'd of yore, by poets roll'd
 O'er intermingled pearls, and sands of gold.
 How glorious thou, when from old Ocean's urn,
 Loaded with India's wealth thy waves return !
 Alive thy banks ! along each bordering line,
 High culture blooms, inviting villa's shine ;
 And while around ten thousand beauties glow,
 These still o'er those redoubling lustre throw.

" Come then, (so whisper'd the indulgent Muse).
 " Come then, in Richmond groves thy sorrows lose !
 " Come then, and hymn this day ! The pleasing scene
 " Shews, in each view, the genius of thy Queen.
 " Hear Nature whispering in the breeze her song !
 " Hear her sweet-warbling thro' the feather'd throng !
 " Come ! with the warbling world thy notes unite,
 " And with the vegetative smile delight !

" Sure

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 231

- “ Sure such a scene and song will soon restore
“ Lost quiet, and give bliss unknown before ;
“ Receive it grateful, and adore, when given,
“ The goodness of thy parent, Queen, and heaven !
“ With me each private virtue lifts the voice ;
“ While public spirit bids a land rejoice :
“ O’er all thy Queen’s benevolence descends,
“ And wide o’er all her vital light extends.
“ As winter softens into spring, to You
“ Blooms Fortune’s season, thro’ her smile, anew.
“ Still, for past bounty, let new lays impart
“ The sweet effusions of a grateful heart !
“ Cast thro’ the telescope of hope your eye !
“ There goodness infinite, supreme, descry !
“ From him that ray of virtue stream’d on earth,
“ Which kindled Caroline’s bright soul to birth.
“ Behold ! he spreads one universal spring !
“ Mortals, transform’d to angels, then shall sing ;
“ Oppression then shall fly with want and shame,
“ And blessing and existence be the same !”

THE

VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A P O E M

ON HER

MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1735-6.

No. V.

LO! the mild sun salutes the opening spring,
 And gladd'ning nature calls the muse to sing;
 Gay chirp the birds, the bloomy sweets exhale,
 And health, and song, and fragrance fill the gale.
 Yet, mildest suns, to me are pain severe,
 And music's self is discord to my ear!
 I, jocund spring, unsympathizing, see,
 And health, that comes to all, comes not to me.
 Dear health once fled, what spirits can I find?
 What solace meet, when fled my peace of mind?
 From absent books, what studious hint devise?
 From absent friends, what aid to thought can rise?
 A genius whisper'd in my ear—Go seek
 Some man of state!—The muse your wrongs may speak—
 But will such listen to the plaintive strain?
 The happy seldom heed th' unhappy's pain.
 To wealth, to honours, wherefore was I born?
 Why left to poverty, repulse, and scorn?

Why

Why was I form'd of elegant desires ?
 Thought, which beyond a vulgar flight aspires !
 Why, by the proud, and wicked, crush'd to earth ?
 Better the day of death, than day of birth !

Thus I exclaim'd: a little cherub smil'd :
 Hope, I am call'd (said he), a heav'n-born child !
 Wrongs sure you have ; complain you justly may ;
 But let wild sorrow whirl not thought away !
 No—trust to honour ! that you ne'er will stain
 From peerage-blood, which fires your filial vein.
 Trust more to Providence ! from me ne'er swerve !
 Once to distrust, is never to deserve.

Did not this day a Caroline disclose ?
 I promis'd at her birth, and blessing rose !
 (Blessing, o'er all the letter'd world to shine,
 In knowledge clear, beneficence divine !)
 'Tis hers, as mine, to chase away despair ;
 Woe undeserv'd, is her peculiar care.
 Her bright benevolence sends me to grief :
 On want sheds bounty, and on wrong relief.

Then calm-ey'd Patience, born of angel-kind,
 Open'd a dawn of comfort on my mind.
 With her came Fortitude of godlike air !
 These arm to conquer ills ; at least to bear :
 Arm'd thus, my Queen, while wayward fates ordain,
 My life to lengthen, but to lengthen pain ;
 Your bard, his sorrows with a smile endures ;
 Since to be wretched, is, to be made Yours,

THE
VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A N O D E

ON HER

MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1736-7.

No. VI.

YE Spirits bright, that ether rove,
That breathe the vernal soul of love;
Bid health descend in balmy dews,
And life in ev'ry gale diffuse;
That give the flow'rs to shine, the birds to sing;
Oh, glad this natal day, the prime of spring!

The virgin snow-drop first appears;
Her golden head the crocus rears.
The flow'ry tribe, profuse and gay,
Spread to the soft, inviting ray.
So arts shall bloom by Carolina's smile,
So shall her fame waft fragrance o'er the isle.

The warblers various, sweet and clear,
From bloomy sprays salute the year.
O muse, awake! descend and sing!
Hail the fair rival of the spring!
To woodland honours woodland hymns belong;
To Her, the pride of arts! the muse's song.

Kind,

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 239

Kind, as of late her clement sway,
The season sheds a tepid ray.
The storms of Boreas rave no more;
The storms of faction cease to roar.
At vernal fairs as wint'ry tempests cease,
She, lovely pow'r! smiles faction into peace.

T H E
V O L U N T E E R L A U R E A T .

For the 1st of MARCH, 1737-8.

A P O E M

S A C R E D T O T H E M E M O R Y O F H E R L A T E

M A J E S T Y .

H U M B L Y A D D R E S S E D T O H I S

M A J E S T Y .

No. VII.

OFT has the muse, on this distinguish'd day,
Tun'd to glad harmony the vernal lay ;
But, O, lamented change ! the lay must flow
From grateful rapture now to grateful woe.
She to this day who joyous lustre gave,
Descends for ever to the silent grave.
She, born at once to charm us and to mend,
Of human race the pattern and the friend.

To be or fondly or severely kind,
To check the rash or prompt the better mind,
Parents shall learn from Her, and thus shall draw
From filial love alone a filial awe.
Who seek in av'rice wisdom's art to save ;
Who often squander, yet who never gave ;

From

From her these knew the righteous mean to find,
 And the mild virtue stole on half mankind.
 The lavish now caught frugal wisdom's lore ;
 Yet still, the more they sav'd, bestow'd the more.
 Now misers learn'd at others woes to melt,
 And saw and wonder'd at the change they felt.
 The gen'rous, when on Her they turn'd their view,
 The gen'rous e'en themselves, more gen'rous grew,
 Learn'd the shun'd haunts of shame-fac'd want to trace ;
 To goodness, delicacy, adding grace.
 The conscious cheek no rising blush confess'd,
 Nor dwelt one thought to pain the modest breast ;
 Kind and more kind did thus her bounty show'r,
 And knew no limit but a bounded pow'r.
 This truth the widow's sighs, alas ! proclaim ;
 For this the orphan's tears embalm her fame.
 The wife beheld her learning's summit gain,
 Yet never giddy grow, nor ever vain :
 But on one science point a steadfast eye,
 That science—how to live and how to die.

Say, Memory, while to thy grateful fight
 Arise her virtues in unfading light,
 What joys were ours, what sorrows now remain :
 Ah ! how sublime the bliss ! how deep the pain !
 And, thou, bright Princess, seated now on high,
 Next one, the fairest daughter of the sky,
 Whose warm-felt love is to all beings known,
 Thy sister Charity ! next her thy throne ;

See

See at thy tomb the virtues weeping lie !
There in dumb sorrow seem the arts to die.
So were the sun o'er other orbs to blaze,
And from our world like thee, withdraw his rays,
No more to visit where he warm'd before,
All life must cease, and nature be no more.
Yet shall the muse a heav'nly height essay
Beyond the weakness mix'd with mortal clay ;
Beyond the loss, which, tho' she bleeds to see,
Tho' ne'er to be redeem'd, the loss of thee !
Beyond e'en this, she hails with joyous lay,
Thy better birth, thy first true natal day ;
A day, that sees thee born, beyond the tomb,
To endless health, to youth's eternal bloom ;
Born to the mighty dead, the souls sublime
Of ev'ry famous age, and ev'ry clime ;
To goodness fix'd by truth's unvarying laws,
To bliss that knows no period, knows no pause—
Save when thine eye, from yonder pure serene,
Sheds a soft ray on this our gloomy scene.

With me now liberty and learning mourn,
From all relief, like thy lov'd consort, torn ;
For where can prince or people hope relief,
When each contend to be supreme in grief ?
So vy'd thy virtues, that could point the way,
So well to govern ; yet so well obey.

Deign one look more ! ah ! see thy consort dear
Wishing all hearts, except his own, to cheer.

Lo !

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 239

Lo ! still he bids thy wonted bounty flow
To weeping families of worth and woe.
He stops all tears, however fast they rise,
Save those, that still must fall from grateful eyes,
And, spite of griefs that so usurp his mind,
Still watches o'er the welfare of mankind.

Father of those, whose rights thy care defends,
Still most their own, when most their sovereign's friends;
Then chiefly brave, from bondage chiefly free,
When most they trust, when most they copy thee;
Ah ! let the lowest of thy subjects pay
His honest heart-felt tributary lay ;
In anguish happy, if permitted here,
One sigh to vent, to drop one virtuous tear ;
Happier, if pardon'd, should he wildly moan,
And with a monarch's sorrow mix his own.

LONDON

LONDON AND BRISTOL

D E L I N E A T E D . *

TWO sea-port cities mark Britannia's fame,
And these from commerce different honours claim.
What different honours shall the muses pay,
While one inspires and one untunes the lay?

Now silver Isis bright'ning flows along,
Echoing from Oxford shore each classic song,
'Then weds with Thame; and these, O London, see
Swelling with naval pride, the pride of thee!
Wide, deep, unfullied Thames, meand'ring glides,
And bears thy wealth on mild majestic tides.
Thy ships, with gilded palaces that vie,
In glitt'ring pomp, strike wond'ring China's eye;
And thence returning bear, in splendid state,
To Britain's merchants, India's eastern freight.
India, her treasures from her western shores,
Due at thy feet, a willing tribute pours;
Thy warring navies distant nations awe,
And bid the world obey thy righteous law.

* The author preferred this title to that of LONDON AND BRISTOL COMPARED; which when he began the piece, he intended to prefix to it.

Thus

Thus shine thy manly sons of lib'ral mind;
 Thy change deep-buffed, yet as courts refin'd;
 Councils, like senates, that enforce debate
 With fluent eloquence and reason's weight.
 Whose patriot virtue, lawless pow'r controls;
 Their British, emulating Roman souls.
 Of these the worthiest still selected stand,
 Still lead the senate, and still save the land:
 Social, not selfish, here, O Learning, trace
 Thy friends, the lovers of all human race!

In a dark bottom sunk, O Bristol, now,
 With native malice, lift thy low'ring brow!
 Then as some hell-born sprite, in mortal guise,
 Borrows the shape of goodness and belies,
 All fair, all smug, to yond proud hall invite,
 To feast all strangers, ape an air polite!
 Crom Cambria drain'd, or England's western coast,
 Not elegant, yet costly banquets boast!
 Revere, or seem the stranger to revere;
 Praise, fawn, profess, be all things but sincere;
 Infidious now, our bosom-secrets steal,
 And these with sly, sarcastic sneer reveal.
 Present we meet thy sneaking treach'rous smiles;
 The harmless absent still thy sneer reviles;
 Such as in thee all parts superior find,
 The sneer that marks the fool and knave combin'd;
 When melting pity would afford relief,
 The ruthless sneer that insult adds to grief.

Q

What

What friendship canst thou boast, what honours claim ?
To thee each stranger owes an injur'd name.
What smiles thy sons must in their foes excite ?
Thy sons, to whom all discord is delight :
From whom eternal mutual railing flows ;
Who in each others crimes, their own expose ;
Thy sons, tho' crafty, deaf to wisdom's call ;
Despising all men, and despis'd by all.
Sons, while thy cliffs a ditch-like river laves,
Rude as thy rocks, and muddy as thy waves,
Of thoughts as narrow as of words immense,
As full of turbulence as void of sense :
Thee, thee, what senatorial souls adorn ?
Thy natives sure would prove a senate's scorn.
Do strangers deign to serve thee ; what their praise ?
Their gen'rous services thy murmurs raise.
What fiend malign, that o'er thy air presides,
Around from breast to breast inherent glides,
And, as he glides, there scatters, in a trice,
The lurking seeds of ev'ry rank device ?
Let foreign youths to thy indentures run !
Each, each will prove, in thy adopted son,
Proud, pert and dull—tho' brilliant once from schools,
Will scorn all learning's, as all virtue's rules ;
And, tho', by nature friendly, honest, brave,
Turn a fly, selfish, simp'ring, sharpening knave.
Boast petty-courts, where 'stead of fluent ease,
Of cited precedents and learned pleas ;

'Stead

'Stead of sage counsel in the dubious cause,
 Attornies chatt'ring wild, burlesque the laws—
 (So shameless quacks, who doctors rights invade,
 Of jargon and of poison form a trade.
 So canting cobblers, while from tubs they teach,
 Buffoon the Gospel they pretend to preach.)
 Boast petty courts, whence rules new rigour draw,
 Unknown to Nature's and to Statute-law;
 Quirks that explain all saving rights away,
 To give th' attorney and the catchpoll prey.
 Is there where law too rig'rous may descend,
 Or charity her kindly hand extend?
 Thy courts, that shut when pity wou'd redress;
 Spontaneous open to inflict distress.
 Try misdemeanours!—all thy wiles employ,
 Not to chastise the offender, but destroy;
 Bid the large lawless fine his fate foretel;
 Bid it beyond his crime and fortune swell;
 Cut off from service due to kindred blood,
 To private welfare and to public good,
 Pitied by all, but thee, he sentenc'd lies;
 Imprison'd languishes, imprison'd dies.

* * * * *
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 * * * * *
 * * * * *

Boast swarming vessels, whose plebeian state
 Owes not to merchants but mechanics freight.
 Boast nought but pedlar-fleets—in war's alarms,
 Unknown to glory, as unknown to arms.
 Boast thy base * Tolfey, and thy turn-spit dogs,
 Thy † Halliers' horses, and thy human hogs ;
 Upstarts and mushrooms, proud, relentless hearts ;
 Thou blank of sciences ! thou dearth of arts !
 Such foes as learning once was doom'd to see ;
 Huns, Goths, and Vandals, were but types of thee.

Proceed, great Bristol, in all-righteous ways,
 And let one Justice heighten yet thy praise ;
 Still spare the catamite and swinge the whore,
 And be, whate'er Gomorrha was before.

* A place where the merchants used to meet to transact their affairs before the Exchange was erected. See Gentleman's Magazine. Vol. XIII. p. 496.

† Halliers are the persons who drive or own the sledges, which are here used instead of carts.

RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
EARL OF MIDDLESEX
AN
A U T H O R
T O B E L E T.
BEING
A P R O P O S A L,
HUMBLY ADDEESSED TO THE CONSIDERATION OF
THE KNIGHTS, ESQUIRES, GENTLEMEN,
AND OTHER WONDERFUL AND WEIGHTY
MEMBERS OF THE SOLID AND ANCIENT
SOCIETY OF THE BATHOS.
BY THEIR ASSOCIATE AND WELL-WISHER,
I S C A R I O T H A C K N E Y.

. Evil, be thou my good. SATAN.

and made a copy of the same
to be kept in the library of the
Society for the purpose of
reference.

AUTHOR
TO BE LEFT

TO THE KING
A PROPOSAL

FOR THE
THE KNIGHTS, ESQUIRES, GENTLEMEN
OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH

MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF THE BATH
SOCIETY OF THE BATH

12 CARLETON PLACE
LONDON

1840

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
EARL OF MIDDLESEX.

MY LORD,

THAT elegant taste in poetry, which is hereditary to your Lordship, together with that particular regard with which you honour the author to whom these papers relate, make me imagine this collection may not be unpleasing to you. And I may presume to say, the pieces themselves are not unworthy your Lordship's patronage, my own part in it excepted. I speak only of THE AUTHOR TO BE LET, having no title to any other, not even the small ones out of the Journals. May I be permitted to declare (to the end I may seem not quite so unworthy of your Lordship's favour, as some writers of my age and circumstances) that I never was concern'd in any

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Journals.

Journals. I ever thought the exorbitant liberty, which most of those papers take with their superiors, unjustifiable in any rank of men ; but detestable in such, who do it merely for hire, and without even the bad excuse of passion and resentment. On the contrary, being once inclined, upon some advantageous proposals, to enter into a paper of another kind, I immediately desisted, on finding admitted into it (though as the publisher told me, purely by an accident) two or three lines reflecting on a great minister. Were my life ever so unhappy, it shall not be stain'd with a conduct, which my birth at least (though neither my education nor good fortune) should set me above ; much less with any ingratitude to that noble person, to whose intercession (next to his Majesty's goodness) I owe, in a great measure, that life itself.

—Nec si miserum fortuna finonem
Finxit, vanum etiam mendacemque improba finget.

I believe

I believe your Lordship will pardon this digression, or any other which keeps me from the stile you so much hate—of Dedication.

I will not pretend to display those rising virtues in your Lordship, which the next age will certainly know without my help, but rather relate (what else it will as certainly be ignorant of) the history of these papers, and the occasion which produced the War of the Dunces, (for so it has been commonly call'd) which begun in the Year 1727, and ended in 1730.

When Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope thought it proper, for reasons specified in the preface to their miscellanies, to publish some little pieces of theirs as had casually got abroad, there was added to them the Treatise of the Bathos, or the Art of Sinking in Poetry. It happened, that in one chapter of this piece, the several species of bad poets were ranged in classes, to which were prefixed almost all the letters of the alphabet

bet (the greatest part of them at random) ; but such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself : All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year or more, the common news-papers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise. A liberty no way to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that, for many years during the uncontrolled licence of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age ; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure.

This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind ; since to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to shew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without

out hopes, that, by manifesting the dullness of those who had only malice to recommend them, either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to *The Dunciad*, and he thought it an happiness, that by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names, as was necessary to this design.

On the 12th of March, 1729, at St. James's, that poem was presented to the King and Queen, (who had before been pleased to read it) by the right honourable Sir Robert Walpole: And some days after, the whole impression was taken and dispersed by several noblemen and persons of the first distinction.

It is certainly a true observation, that no people are so impatient of censure as those who are the greatest slanderers; which was

won-

wonderfully exemplified on this occasion. On the day the book was first vended, a crowd of authors besieged the shop; entreaties, advices, threats of law and battery, nay cries of treason were all employed, to hinder the coming out of *The Dunciad*: On the other side, the booksellers and hawkers made as great efforts to procure it: What could a few poor authors do against so great a majority as the public? there was no stopping a torrent with a finger, so out it came.

Many ludicrous circumstances attended it: The Dunces (for by this name they were called) held weekly clubs to consult of hostilities against the author; one wrote a letter to a great minister, assuring him Mr. Pope was the greatest enemy the government had; and another bought his image in clay, to execute him in effigy; with which sad sort of satisfactions the gentlemen were a little comforted.

Some

Some false editions of the book having an owl in their frontispiece, the true one, to distinguish it, fixed in its stead an ass laden with authors. Then another surreptitious one being printed with the same ass, the new edition in octavo returned for distinction to the owl again. Hence arose a great contest of bookfellers against bookfellers, and advertisements against advertisements ; some recommending the edition of the owl, and others the edition of the ass ; by which names they came to be distinguished, to the great honour also of the gentlemen of *The Dunciad*.

Your Lordship will not think these particulars altogether unentertaining ; nor are they impertinent, since they clear some passages in the following collection. The whole cannot but be of some use, to shew the different spirit with which good and bad authors have ever acted, as well as written ; and to evince a truth, a greater than which was never advanced, that—

Each bad author is as bad a friend.

How-

However, the imperfection of this collection cannot but be owned, as long as it wants that poem with which you, my Lord, have honoured the author of *The Dunciad*; but which I durst not presume to add in your absence. As it is, may it please your Lordship to accept of it, as a distant testimony, with what respect and zeal I am,

MY LORD,

Your most obedient

And devoted servant,

RICHARD SAVAGE.



PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

THE following piece was accidentally dropped near the Mews-gate. I picked it up in my way from Charing-crofs to Hedge-lane. It was in a leathern case, which had once been red, but was grown black with greafe, and tied round with a scrap of dirty tape. When I opened the parcel, I found by an ingenious epigram, that this tape had formerly belonged to Mrs. Haywood, (the divine Eliza !) but whether it had bound her hair, or was part of her apron-string, I should have been at a loss to learn, had not the relict been sanctified by Mr. Moore's muse. He tritely compared it to Cytherea's girdle, and sent it as a valuable pledge of friendship to our author. In this packet were several letters directed to Mr. Iscariot Hackney, dated from the Ship-tavern, Charing-crofs, and signed J. m. s M... Sm.th, L. Theobald, L. Welsted, Edmund Curl, John Dennis, Thomas Cooke, and Bezaleel Morris. Those of the earliest import, that J. m. s M... Sm.th, Esq; was unanimously chosen speaker of this society. I met with many more informations of this nature;

but

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but what pleased me most, was the performance of our author. I was curious to find out so excellent a writer, and have entered into a treaty with him for future memoirs, which I have engaged to give the public.

It is with much glee that I have marked the herd bellowing against *The Dunciad* for indelicacies. Not to mention with what an ill grace this criticism comes from that quarter, I fancy it may easily be proved, that the grossest of those images are most suitable to the subject; a subject composed, for the most part, of authors, whose writings are the refuse of wit, and who in life are as the very excrement of nature; yet even here, Mr. Pope shews himself a master. It is true, that he has used dung; but he disposes that dung in such a manner, that it becomes rich manure, from which he raises a variety of fine flowers. He deals in rags; but deals with them like an artist, who commits them to a paper-mill, and brings them out useful sheets. The chymist extracts a fine cordial from the most nauseous of all dung, and Mr. Pope has drawn a sweet poetical spirit from the most offensive and unpoetical objects of the creation—unpoetical, though eternal writers of poetry.

I have

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I have also laughed at the clamour of the gentlemen of the Bathos against The Dunciad, for insulting them on their poverty. I own that a man's poverty, when it proceeds not from any folly, but is owing (as it often happens) to his virtue, sets him in an amiable light. He becomes the object of compassion; and, if he bears his misfortunes like a man, instead of falling into contempt, raises our admiration. But when his wants are of his own seeking, and prove the motive of every ill action (for the poverty of bad authors has always a bad heart for its companion), is it not a vice, and properly the subject of satire?

Most of these persons are of a very low parentage, and without any pretence of merit are aspiring to the rank of gentlemen. Thus they become ill œconomists; poverty is the consequence of ill œconomy, and dirty tricks the consequence of their poverty. Though they are sad writers, they might have been good mechanics; and therefore by endeavouring to shine in spheres to which they are unequal, are guilty of depriving the public of many that might have been its useful members.

R

Methinks

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Methinks when the world is so ungrateful as not to read their writings, they might vouchsafe to follow the example of the great Sir Walter Raleigh (though an author undoubtedly inferior to them), who, when he heard the First Part of his history succeeded not, had spirit enough to commit the second to the flames. But the gentlemen of the Bathos are apt, like bad horses, to run faster immediately after stumbling. Should the author of the Dunciad declare, that the great Mr. Dennis (the son of a fadler) had better have been a common parish-crier, than a poet or critic ! Have not forty years, and upwards, witnessed the truth of this ? Is it not evident, that his poverty results from a misapplication of his talents ?

Had it not been an honefter and more decent livelihood for Mr. Norton (Daniel de Foe's son of love, by a lady who vended oysters) to have dealt in a fish-market, than to be dealing out the dialects of Billingsgate and detraction in the Flying Post ?

Should not Dick Morley rather have been blacking shoes at the corners of streets, (to which it is well known his industrious, and more prudent younger brother submitted), than blackening reputations

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reputations in *The History of Mother Wisebourn*, and *Weekly Journals*? The blackening of the brush from the Japan-pot is so useful and ornamental, that it is frequently called Honour; but the dash of Dick's pen, so often dipped in an ink-standish, is dirty and detrimental, consequently dishonour; so that Dick and his brother illustrate St. Paul's saying, 'Some are made to honour, and some to dishonour.'

Had it not been more laudable in Mr. Roome, the son of an undertaker, to have borne a link, and a mourning-staff, in the long procession of a funeral, than to have been frequently lamenting the burials of his miserable, short-lived libels? Had it not been more decent in him to have sung psalms, according to education, in an Anabaptist Meeting, than to have been altering *The Jovial Crew*, or *Merry Beggars*, into a wicked imitation of *The Beggar's Opera*?

Mr. Thomas Cooke, the translator of Hesiod, is the son of a Muggletonian-teacher, who kept a little obscure alehouse at Braintree in Essex. Though this author has no more genius for poetry than a snail, nay, less than Mr. Ambrose Phillips, or Mr. Welsted; and though he would, consequently, have wanted spirit enough for his

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father's tapster, yet his enemies confess him not without merit. To do the man justice, he might have made a tolerable figure as a taylor. It were too presumptuous to affirm he could have been a master in any profession; but, dull as I allow him, he would not have been despicable for a third, or fourth-hand journeyman. Then had his wants been avoided; for he would, at least, have learned 'To cut his coat according to his cloth.'

Why would not Mr. Theobald continue an attorney? Is not word-catching more serviceable in splitting a cause, than in explaining a fine poet?

When Mrs. Haywood ceased to be a strolling actress, why might not the lady (though once a theatrical queen) have subsisted by turning washer-woman? Has not the fall of greatness been a frequent distress in all ages? She might have caught a beautiful bubble as it arose from the suds of her tub, blown it in air, seen it glitter, and then break! Even in this low condition, she had played with a bubble, and what more is the vanity of human greatness? She might have also considered the fullied linen growing white in her pretty red hands, as an emblem of

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of her soul, were it well scoured by repentance for the sins of her youth : but she rather chooses starving by writing novels of intrigue, to teach young heiresses the art of running away with fortune-hunters, and scandalizing persons of the highest worth and distinction.

When this lady, or these gentlemen, are asked, Why they abuse such and such persons ; their answer is, they are obliged to write for want of money, and to abuse for want of other subjects. Is want of money an excuse for picking a pocket ? or what is worse, taking away a man's good name ? Is the poverty of Moore's genius an excuse for filching Pope's lines ? And appears not the theft in his comedy as plain, as if a cinder-wench should steal a gold watch, and afterwards wear it ? If this play was brought forth, because his circumstances were reduced, was he to retrieve them by committing poetical felonies, and afterwards being the first to cry out Thief ? Deserves he not a whipping for such petty-larceny ? By a whipping, be it known, I only mean the poetical, wholesome lash of satire. A Danish colonel has lately condescended to be a common centinel, and were Jemmy's heart as firm as his countenance, had it not been more

graceful in him to have carried a grenadier's cap, a buff-coat, and a brown musquet? He is a proper figure, and of an exact size for his Prussian majesty's service. Then had his comedy been frittered into Oxford jests; each of his acquaintance had claimed their own, and he escaped the hisses and horse-laughs of the town, for spoiling and misapplying them in a damned play.

Methinks Laurus had better been an university vintner, than a divine, or poet. Would not bad wine have been easier put off than bad poetry? Had not a bunch of grapes flourished more naturally on his brow, than a sprig of bays? Had he not with more propriety been seen sitting astride a butt, with a bottle in one hand, and a bumper in the other, roaring out a merry catch, than mounting, after the first stave, to thump a pulpit-cushion, and pause at every half-sentence with a hiccup?

If poverty in these lights is judged not a subject for ridicule, I refer the reader to Iscariot Hackney, and after his acquaintance with that spark, I will only address myself in these few words to the allies of Charing-cross. Say, gentlemen, has the Dunciad lashed your poverty? A much severer satire on it you may find in your own lives.

A N

A N
A U T H O R
T O B E L E T.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM glad to find you meddle with the dirty work of your brother journalists. To be inoffensive is a puritannical spirit, and will never succeed in a free-thinking age. What is gold itself (says the philosopher) but dirt? It is dug out of dirty mines; and, as a proof it retains its nature, we come at it easiest through dirty means. Be assured, a scavenger of wit is a more gainful occupation, than that of a delicate, moral writer.

By this I mean to let you see my ability, and to proffer my service. You must know, when my mother was pregnant of me, she once dreamed she was delivered of a monster. It was observed also, at the time of my birth, that a weasel was heard to shriek; and a bat (though at noon-day) flew into the room, and settled upon the midwife's wrist, just as she received me. While in the cradle I was very froward. Early at school I discovered a promising genius for mischief. I carried tales from one boy to another to set them a fighting, and afterwards to the master, to

have them whipped. I had always cunning enough, when I committed a fault to lay the blame upon another, and laugh'd to see him suffer for it: A sure prognostick of my future judgment in politicks ! I was fond of tearing away the legs and wings of flies, of picking out the eyes of some little bird, or laming some favourite lap-dog, merely by way of amusement. This was only a sign, that one time or other I should have ill-nature enough for a great Wit. Now I understand, to be a great Wit, is to take a pleasure in giving every body pain, and to shew no mercy to a reputation, which is dearer to some fools than perhaps a limb or an eye. I was also given to pilfer whatever lay in my way: a proof only that I wou'd never scruple being a plagiary, shou'd I turn author. I was expert at almost every thing, except learning my book ; but neither encouragement nor correction could bring me to any sense of duty. I was always very sullen after being corrected ; and if my master forgave, and admonished me in a friendly manner, I all the while ridiculed the old Put (as I then called him) by making mouths or horns over his shoulder. This shewed I had always wit enough to laugh at the common notion of gratitude. I hooted at any unfortunate ill-dress'd person in the street, if he looked like a gentleman, and never failed to mock the infirmities of old age. When at a sermon, I was very full of play myself, and fond of interrupting the devotion

votion of others; so that (I thank my stars!) in my youth I had a fashionable contempt for religion. I came young into the world with little education, less money, and no visible way of living: However, I qualified myself (though of mean birth) for a gentleman of wit and humour about town. I have naturally a sourness of temper, a droll solemnity of countenance, and a dry manner of joking upon such accidents, as fools who value themselves upon humanity, would be apt to compassionate. I have also a propensity to sneer upon all mankind, and particularly upon those who fancy they can oblige me. These elegant qualities recommended me early to the friendship of Dick Morley, author of *Mother Wiseborn*. We met frequently at a little snug gaming-house, never yet discovered by informing constables. A similitude of circumstances, and sympathy of souls, endeared us to each other; and to him I owe the improvements of my afore-mentioned faculties. These he cultivated, and many others implanted in me of the like nature.

We commenced authors together. At my first setting out I was hired by a reverend prebend to libel Dean Swift for infidelity. Soon after I was employed by Curl to write a merry tale, the wit of which was its obscenity. This we agreed to palm upon the world for a posthumous piece of Mr. Prior. However, a certain lady, celebrated for certain liberties,
 had

had a curiosity to see the real author. Curl, on my promise that if I had a present, he should go snacks, sent me to her. I was admitted while her ladyship was shifting; and on my admittance, Mrs. Abigail was ordered to withdraw. What passed between us, a point of gallantry obliges me to conceal; but after some extraordinary civilities, I was dismissed with a purse of guineas, and a command to write a sequel to my tale. Upon this I turned out smart in dress, bit Curl of his share, and run out most of my money in printing my works at my own cost. But some years after (just at the time of his starving poor Patifon) the varlet was revenged. He arrested me for several months board, brought me back to my garret, and made me drudge on in my old dirty work. 'Twas in his service that I wrote Obscenity and Profaneness, under the names of Pope and Swift. Sometimes I was Mr. Joseph Gay, and at others Theory Burnet, or Addison. I abridged histories and travels, translated from the French what they never wrote, and was expert at finding out new titles for old books. When a notorious thief was hanged, I was the Plutarch to preserve his memory; and when a great man died, mine were his Remains, and mine the account of his last will and testament. Had Mr. Oldmixon and Mr. Curl agreed, my assistance had probably been invited into Father Bohour's Logic, and the Critical History of England.

But

But before all this happened, a young nobleman gratified me for letting some verses of mine be handed about at court in manuscript under his name. This was the first time that I ever heard my writings generally commended. But, alas! how short-lived the applause! They unfortunately stole into print, lost their reputation at once, and I am now ashamed to write any more as a person of quality. I am a great joker, and deal in clinches, puns, quibbles, gibes, conundrums, and carry-which-its. Many a good time have I lashed the whole body of clergy, and cracked many a smart joke upon the Trinity. One of my books had the honour of being presented for a libel by the grand-jury, and another was made a burnt-offering by the hands of the common hangman. If an author writes a piece that has success in his own character, I abuse him; but if in a fictitious one, I endeavour to personate him, and write a second part to his work. I am very deeply read in all pieces of scandal, obscenity, and profaneness, particularly in the writings of Mrs. Haywood, Henley, Welsted, Morley, Foxton, Cooke, De Foe, Norton, Woolston, Dennis, Ned Ward, Concanen, Journalist Pitt, and the author of the Rival Modes. From these I propose to compile a very grand work, which shall not be inferior to Utopia Carimania, Gulliverania, Art of Flogging, Daily Journal, Epigrams on the Dunciad, or Oratory Transactions; and,

and, as this is designed for the use of young tempters, it is hoped they will promote my subscription. Since private vices have been proved to be public benefits, I would venture to call it An useful Body of Immorality, and print it in a broad, pompous folio; but such a one as may very well be bound up with Dean Smedley's intended Body of Divinity.

By the help of indexes, and technical dictionaries, I work on every branch of learning. I pore often over the volumes of State Tracts, whence I collect paragraphs, which I mix with remarks of my own, and range under several heads. Those against a discarded minister I send to the London Journal, or Concanen's Daily, or Weekly Papers. * Concanen is a precious fellow! I once loved him for his ingratitude to Dean Swift: I now adore him for his dull humour, and malevolent blundering Billingsgate against my Lord Bolingbroke. Other paragraphs more virulent against a prime minister (for I naturally hate my superiors) are for my very good friend the Craftsman. How long have I called up the shades of Sejanus, Buckingham, and Wolfey, to compare them to one who mortifies me by laughing at the comparison? How long shall I still press on one, whom I continually call state-plunderer, and wicked minister?

* In thy felonious heart, tho' malice lies,
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.

DRYDEN.

Perhaps

Perhaps till the world will maliciously liken me to a tailor's goose,* which is at once hot and heavy. Rather than stand out of the play, I have penned panegyrics in Mist or Fog on Rich's pantomimes, and Theobald's Shakespeare restored. I am always lifted by Mr. Lun the Harlequin, to hiss the first night at any of the Drury-lane performances. Sometimes I draw up challenges for the champions of Mr. Figg's amphitheatre, and sometimes for the disputants of Mr. Henley's oratory.

I have an excellent knack at birth-day odes, elegies, acrosticks, anagrams, epithalamiums, prologues, commendatory poems, rhimes for almanack-makers, and witty distichs for the signs of country-inns and ale-houses: when with an audible voice I spout forth my own verses, marvellous is their effect! The very bell-man has been touched with envy—an author, who, like Mr. Ralph,† has distinguished himself by night; the shrillness of my clamorous dunning landlady has been charmed into a still attention! Nay, the very bailiff, in act to rust upon me, has stopped short to listen, and for a minute suspended the rapacious palm that was to fall upon my shoulders!

I have well perused the writings of Luke Milbourn, Shadwell, Settle, Blackmore, and many others of our

* A comparison of Dr. South's.

† Author of a poem called NIGHT.

stamp; notable for salt wit upon Dryden. From these I have extracted curious hints to assist Welsted in his new satire against Pope, which was once (he told me) to have been christened *Labeo*. 'Tis yet an embryo, and there are divers opinions about the birth of it. Some expect it will spring from his wife's noddle, like *Minerva* from the head of *Jupiter*, and work wonders. Others, that it will resemble *Milton's* figure of *Sin* coming from the brain of the father of lies. Then, say they, it will damn its parent's reputation. But most are of opinion, that my brother has no reputation to lose, and therefore the brat will be still-born. 'Tis possible also he may miscarry of his second epistle to Mr. Pope, though *James Moore Smythe, Esquire*, is to officiate man-midwife.

When a man of quality is distinguished for a wit, or an encourager of it, I endeavour to strike him for a dedication; but I have generally been so unhappy as to disgust my patrons, by praising them in the wrong place. For want of being acquainted with polite life, I have unwittingly complimented a person for an illustrious birth, who really owed his rise entirely to his merit. Thus have I caused his enemies to sneer, and, perhaps, to libel him for my squab compliment! when, had I left him to his choice, he had rather chose my satire than my panegyrick.

I am as famous as one of the suitors in *Homer's* *Odyssey*, for dead-born jests. Many a sonnet of mine,
and

and several Bouts Rimez that were filled up by me, has Moore read, with his usual modesty at White's and the drawing-room, for his own ; but as they were mere slips of my pen, and could be of no advantage to my reputation (low as it stands) I am contented to humour his vanity, and forbear to claim them. I assisted in a pretty play of words on the letter P. and the advertisement of the Lady's writing-desk. Soon after I chopped fides, and wrote the History of the Norfolk Dumpling, the Verses on the Norfolk Lantern, Robin's reign, Robin's Game, the Fall of Mortimer, and many other popular libels on persons who least deserved them ; but the reason of that was, because they were of the ministry.

Now is the session of parliament, and the poetical quarrels must give way to the political. Consequently the affairs of state (as Abel in the play of the Committee observes) ' will lie heavy upon my neck and ' shoulders.' It is a custom among great generals to send spies into an enemy's camp, and among politicians, to employ 'em in foreign courts. I have therefore (as I am determined to oppose the ministry) settled a secret correspondence with several gentlemen of the party-coloured cloth ; men of dignity ! such as have no less an honour than that of holding a place in the presence of some certain knights of the blue ribbon. My bribe is a pot of ale, and my intelligence the scraps of conversation that fall at the
table

table of great ministers. By these I am enabled to discuss the matters in debate at the house of commons, and the congress of Soissons, to state the debts of the nation, to arraign the conduct of those at the helm, and to hold the balance of Europe, with as much ease as a monkey does a chesnut, in my own paw.

The time has been when, after an evening's hard boozing, my brother bards (who have been what we call seedy, or crop-sick) have bilked the public house, and barbarously left me in pawn for the reckoning. On this emergency I have written an account of a sharp and bloody fight, a vision in the air, or a wonderful prophecy, to be hawked about the streets: And (would you believe it?) even these productions of mine have passed for designed wit, and I have silently sneered to find the merit of them claimed and boasted of by Jemmy Moore.

I have sometimes taken it in my head, that I might make a fortune by writing for the stage. As a proof that I have an excellent taste, I always despised the tragedies of Shakespeare, Otway, Young and Thomson, and preferred with admiration a certain person's operas at the Hay-market. I wonder that the success of the latter should be applied to Mr. Handel's music, or the performances of Senesino, Faustina, and Cutzoni: The town in this have been shamefully blind to the merit of that gentleman. He has followed

lowed the ancients so closely in the propriety of his conduct, the unity of his characters, the natural variety of passions, the strength of sentiment, and the elegance of diction, that I here invite him to join with me in an English tragedy on an opera plan.

If the gentleman thinks this too arduous an undertaking, let us venture at a lower cast ! without any recourse to wit, humour, natural dialogue, songs aptly introduced, or any other of those trifles with which the Beggar's Opera abounds, we have one sure comfort ; that is, we cannot fall short of many late performances of that kind, nor be excelled by Roome and his led captain Concanen. Roome cannot excel me, unless he excels himself.

I have tried all means (but that fools call honest ones) for a livelihood. I offered my service for a secret spy to the state ; but had not credit enough even for that. When it was indeed very low with me, I printed proposals for a subscription to my works, received money, and gave receipts, without any intention of delivering the book. Though I have been notoriously profane, and was never at an university, I once aimed to be admitted into orders ; but being obliged to abscond lately from the parish-officers, on account of a bastard child, and falling besides into an unlucky salivation, my character was so scandalous, that I could not prevail even on the lowest of the Fleet-prison parsons to sign my testimonials.

S

My

My last attempt was to have been a travelling tutor to some young gentleman. If I am deficient in classick learning, I could yet have instructed him in the laws of his own country; for tho' I never studied Coke upon Littelton, yet I have conversed with bailiffs and petty-fogging attornies; nay, I have conned over the abridgments of Giles Jacob; I could also have read him lectures of politicks from essays of my own in Weekly Journals. What though I wanted knowledge to make dissertations upon the languages, manners, histories, statues, coins, paintings, architecture, or any other curiosities, ancient or modern, of foreign climes; what though I could not have traced out any one country in a map; could I not have pillaged voyage-writers, and have taken the reports of inn-keepers or postillions, to have told where there were good wine, good beds, buxom girls, and tall steeples? Few foreign tutors understand the dead languages; but if they play at cards, dance, talk of things they never saw, or, having seen, could not understand; if they put on the swaggering air of half-pay captains, and swear French military oaths with a bon grace, will they not pass for men of wit, experience and knowledge? I should have made a very fashionable tutor; I would have spirited up my pupil to run away with a nun; and, if he aimed at smaller game, not scrupled being pimp. I have studied physick under the Anodyne Necklace doctor, and
would

would have prepared and exported a whole cargo of anti-venereal pills for his safety. No one, I am persuaded, will blame me, if I took this opportunity of feathering my own nest. I should, perhaps, have made him pay ten per cent. for his own money when I disbursed it, and a guinea on many occasions for his honour; twenty shillings of which I might have put into my own pocket. Who knows, but I might have married some rich widow, by securing my pupil for one of her daughters? I would have contrived he should have stolen the young lady, to avoid paying her fortune. If this scheme failed, I had another, for which I am afraid I might have been a little censured! it was only to have set him at a gaming table (when abroad) for about a thousand pounds, and afterwards gone snacks with the sharpers. But on second thoughts, where had been the hurt? When returned, and at age, I could easily have made him amends, by negotiating a mortgage, or the sale of a reversion for him with honest Ch. rt. r. s.

Thus, though I had but a hundred a year, and for no more than two or three years service, I could retire to Swisserland, or Wales, with about fifteen hundred pounds in my pocket, and an annuity of fifty pounds per annum for life. In such a retirement I should have set down to writing an Account of my Travels. When those were finished, by care-

fully extracting from Gazettes, I should have been able to have left my executors the memoirs of my own times; then would I have indulged my spleen against the present ministers, for neglecting to gratify my merit. It is dangerous to anger a poet or historian.

I observed, at the head of this letter, that I have a drollery in my countenance: egad! it is as peculiar a one as Roome's. We are so like, that before he scribbled himself into preferment, we have actually been mistaken for each other. Our looks are so happy, as to have passed off many a saying in conversation for wit and humour, that, when published, has been thought flat: nay, the same thing has been said of me, as was uttered by a certain wit (one very different from our rank) on him, viz. That 'the r. g. . . 's misfortune is, he cannot print his face to his joke.'

While I am thus delineating my features, permit me to own, that I wish my portrait might shine in a mezzotinto through the glass-windows of picture-shops in Fleet-street and St. Paul's Church-yard; then should I be gazed on with admiration by mercers' apprentices! But I will, at least, indulge my vanity in appearing on a large sheet of paper, in a wooden cut, which ingenious school-boys may delight to colour with yellow and red ochre. What a glaring figure shall I then make in the long piazza
of

of Covent Garden! I shall be surrounded by venerable old ballads; and several of my family-pieces, such as the Sinner's coat of arms, and the dreadful sketches of death, judgment, and damnation! Thence shall I be translated to the naked walls of country ale-houses, cobblers-stalls, and necessary-houses!—And thou, O R. . . M., thou who art my other self! be this my glory! however different our fortunes, however unlike the incidents of our lives; yet whensoever the countenance of Iscariot Hackney is seen, thy own dear phiz will be called to remembrance.

In short, I am a perfect town author: I hate all mankind, yet am occasionally a mighty patriot. I am very poor, and owe my poverty to my merit; that is, to my writings; I am as proud as I am poor; yet, what is seemingly a contradiction, never stick at a mean action, when the welfare of the republic of letters, or, in other words, my own interest is concerned. My pen, like the sword of a Swiss, or the pleading of a lawyer, is generally employed for pay. There is one piece of advice, gentlemen, which I would propose to you: if any papers of a dead wit should fall into the hands of a member of your society, let him be sure to print them, though never so derogatory to the person's reputation, to get himself money, and if, among whole heaps of indigested papers, he finds a few

with large corrections and additions by another eminent hand (which he well knows), let him be sure to suppress that circumstance in his publication.

But to return to myself—My pamphlets sell many more impressions than those of celebrated writers; the secret of this is, I learned from Curl to clap a new title-page to the sale of every half hundred; so that when my bookseller has sold two hundred and fifty copies, my book generally enters into the sixth edition. It is reckoned a villainous action to write a libel, but more so to father one on a person who neither wrote it, nor approves it; now, I own I never scruple to do both. When a man of figure, (perhaps an ornament of his country) hath been cruelly aspersed in his life-time, I love to revive the aspersion at his death: it is mirth to me to grieve a whole family, by insulting his memory before his body is cold in the grave. In this I imitate the authority of ‘Sarah the Quaker in the Shades, to ‘Lothario lately deceased.’ Though I am so ready to libel others, I am downright frightened if I but hear of a satire where my name is likely to be inserted. When a person does me a favour, I either suspect he has some design on me, or think it less than my due, and that he is obliged to me, because an author, for accepting it. I am very testy, if I am not allowed dictator of my company; nor had I ever a friend, whom I did not, in his absence, sacrifice

to my jest. I condemn the few who admire me, am angry with the multitude who despise me, and mortally hate all who have any ways obliged me. I assure you, I am very famous for several Treatises in defence of Ingratitude: I never fail to illustrate them with the examples of Marcus Brutus among the ancients, and very eminent statesmen among the moderns. My private resentment, like that of other great men, is always a public justice.

Now, gentlemen, if you like me for a correspondent, my price is the price of a Journalist, a crown; and, in the style of a love-bargain, half-wet, half-dry. You may find me in a morning at my lucubrations, over a quartern-pot in a Geneva-shop in Clare-Market; a house where I propose many learned interviews with Orator Henley, who has removed his stage to that place. I generally dine with a brother bard, at one of the little cook's-shops near St. Martin's-Church, and probably spend the evening with him at a night-cellar in the Strand, where I shall be ready to enter into a treaty with you.

Yours,

ISCARIOT HACKNEY.

From my chamber,
Hockley-in-the-Hole.

CON-

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